

A New Short Story by Jay McInerney

Esquire

Man At His Best

MARCH 1987 PRICE \$2.50

How TO LOOK LIKE A PAGE OUT OF ESQUIRE

A Fashion Guide to
Cutting Loose

Art in America:
Who Hates Whom
(and with good reason)

Plus: John Gregory Dunne,
Bob Greene, Adam Smith,
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**INTRODUCING THE BMW 3-SERIES:
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Of the myriad art forms the world has created to move people, one genre has consistently moved people faster than others: the body of work crafted at the Bavarian Motor Works. A fact explosively demonstrated by the monuments to high performance known as the new BMW 3-Series.

Propelled by a 39% boost in horsepower over previous 3-Series models, each of these sports sedans offers 168 hp of 6-cylinder, fuel-injected poetry in motion. A 39% improvement over the power plant Car and Driver once likened to "an expensive aircraft engine."

The birth of such an engine isn't surprising, however, when you

consider that BMWs are built to hold down German roads routinely at triple-digit speeds.

Or that at the factory, they're subjected to torturous testing that isn't more medieval in nature than mechanical. Every BMW engine must be able to endure 10,000 km of wide-open throttle in Nardo, Italy, where temperatures average 100 degrees. Followed by 10,000 km of race-style driving on the Nurburgring track in Germany.

Perhaps that's why the BMW 3-Series can offer a power plant (on the one hand) explosive, yet, in the words of Motor Magazine, "an engine of almost miraculous smoothness."

A miraculousness which relies not on divine intervention, but on the intervention of something a bit more reliable. A relentless refusal to compromise.

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The real world, as everyone knows, is anything but flat. And a good portion is paved with roads that conform to its every undulation.

While the significance of this fact is apparently lost in the design of many of today's cars, it's crucial to the design of the new BMW 3-Series sedans.



The underpinnings of these sports sedans embody the Bavarian Motor Works' three decades of experience with fully-independent suspension systems.

Born of advanced research conducted at the University of Freiburg, and perfected over millions of miles on BMW's "shake stand"—a rigorous testing mechanism that abuses suspensions in the same manner a mechanical paint mixer rattles a gallon of enamel.

These suspensions comprise a veritable checklist of the most innovative components in existence.

New twin-tube gas pressure shocks, for instance, are fine-tuned to react softly to small bumps, yet become increasingly firm the harder you drive.

To further enhance the 3-Series sedans' ability to navigate the contours of the real world, the shocks are augmented by the stiffest and most efficient anti-roll bars ever mounted on a 3-Series BMW chassis.

Working in unison, the unique design of these elements helps unite the two suspension characteristics previously considered mutually exclusive: crisp handling and smooth ride.

And to ensure that these cars not only handle precisely but take direction well, each is guided by BMW's engine-speed-sensitive, variable-assist power steering, an integral part of a system that has been dubbed the "standard by which other systems should be judged" (Road & Track).

All of which is why the handling of the new 3-Series is yet another reminder of why the automotive pundits at Motor Trend magazine were moved to declare:

"Once a knowledgeable and experienced driver has driven a BMW, any BMW, nothing else feels quite as good as it did before."



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ON BEING DRIVEN WIDE OPEN. SOME
MORE THAN OTHERS.**

The trophy cases at BMW are filled with the mementos of 147 world and national championships. Each a glittering symbol of the commitment of BMW's engineers.

In its own way, each model in the new BMW 3-Series is an equally potent symbol of that drive for perfection.

For those partial to luxury, the 325i. A 4-door sedan whose ergonomically intelligent interior is fully appointed in leather.

For those with an extreme appetite for performance, the 325is. With sportier suspension tuning, an integrated air dam and spoiler and body-contoured lateral-support seats.

And for those who merely wish a lump in their throat and the wind in their hair, the 325i Convertible. A car Germany's Auto Motor und Sport deemed "alone in the automotive landscape."

Of course, each 3-Series model is replete with engineering features people have come to expect from BMW.

Such as an engine management system so sophisticated it actually adjusts ignition 400 times a second for peak performance.

And BMW's renowned ABS anti-lock brakes which help prevent wheel lockup and loss of steering control in panic stops.

What's more, each is underwritten by BMW's 3-year, 36,000-mile* limited warranty. All of which recommends a visit to your authorized BMW dealer. Where you'll find not merely refuge from compromise, but an exhilarating escape from it—the new BMW 3-Series.

*Warranty limited to 36,000 miles or 3 years, whichever comes first. See authorized BMW dealer for details. See BMW website at <http://www.bmwusa.com>.

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BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE

by Lee Eisenberg

CLASS ACTS

OUR LEAD story this month comes in the form of a comic book, albeit a comic book that relies neither on fashion slapstick nor on pop-art adventure. Rather, there are comic-book pages that reflect the horrors of the Holocaust and the suffering of its victims—and they do so with the richness of detail that attends the serious nonentertainment or historical novel.

"Massacre!" (page 67) is taken from the work in progress that will form the sequel to Art Spiegelman's *Maus: A Survivor's Tale*, which was published last September by Farrar, Straus and Giroux. *Maus* is the illustrated story of Spiegelman's father, who, along with his neighbors and family, was condemned to Auschwitz. The book is framed in contemporary New York City,

where the aged father is beset by his youngest son Artie to account for the horrific past. In Spiegelman's distorted eyes, Jews appear as mice and Nazis as cats in a style that recalls the comics of the Thirties.

Spiegelman was born in Siedlce in 1948 and grew up in Queens. He was a central figure in the American underground-comic movement of the late Sixties. He started *Maus* when he turned thirty. "I wanted to take on something important," he says. "Up to that point, I'd never done anything at length. But I didn't realize just how long it would be. *Maus* involves the most complicated aspects of my relationship with my parents. What started as a three-page strip turned into an eight-year project. And still I've only published one volume. After all this work, the reader still may have to be published posthumously."

As of this writing, *Maus* has gone through four printings and is being brought out in six languages throughout Europe. Spiegelman is both elated and surprised. "I was consumed at first that people would look at it cross-eyed because it is a comic book. But that hasn't happened. What especially pleases me is that the audience isn't limited to just comic buffs or to Jews. But I've gotten, of course, nasty letters from children of survivors who aren't grateful that the book exists. They resent the pro-



Continued Art Spiegelman

fact that it expresses anger at their parents' generation. They tell me they never thought they had the freedom to do so, given all that their parents had gone through."

Currently, Spiegelman teaches the history and aesthetics of comic art at the School of Visual Arts in Manhattan, like and he will be expecting their first child. Says Spiegelman, "I'm a little nervous that my kid will grow up with a nasty comic-book story about me. But I'm very glad I have this book to leave him."

THE SEVENTY-SIX pages of this month's fashion section reflect the magazine's conviction that men need to learn how to be themselves with their clothes, that they dress, at all times, in a kind of uniform. The theme of the *Collectors* is how to cut through the noise of the fashion world to the work of ideas and discover discerning taste. Editorial Fashion Director Kim Johnson, Groves, Fashion Editor John Mather, and Fashion Associate Kate Doyle.

It is hard to overstate the role and direction this team brings to the pursuit of the growing men's market, to finding sources, examining fabrics, supervising photo sessions and keeping up with the trade. Says Groves, "Our philosophy is to show clothes on real men, often in real settings. We show fashion with a point of

view, but give the reader a lot of ideas and options to translate into his own life. Aldo Marchi." And what we're really trying for is a way to make our reader feel at ease."

The problem in these pages.

ON NOVEMBER 25, Esquire lost a longtime friend—contributing editor Jon Bradshaw, who died suddenly of a heart attack in Los Angeles. He was forty-eight.

It is difficult to eulogize Bradshaw, who, with his wicked grin, presented himself with wit and mischief. So many of us just called for

Memorial services for Bradshaw took the form of two excellent cocktail parties. Place Bradshaw in the, not long ago he told A. Scott Berg, a close friend, that in

the event of his death, a revel would be given in his honor. In Los Angeles, friends gathered at the now fashionable Morley's, in New York, friends gathered at Elmer's, the two to be remembered, as they are perfect mirrors, from the likes of Tom Wolfe, Christopher Hitchens, and Anthony Hinton-Gaunt. Other speakers included a half-dozen magazine editors who delighted in Bradshaw's stories over the years. Both the *Esquire* and *Time* contributed to publication and the others he'd spun about his past and his travels, lived with anyone he believed centrally, but no one else.

Bradshaw was a writer with unerring brilliance when faced with a story he could bite into deeply. Certain bits pieces for this magazine will remain classic and last. In June 1977, there was "Brave Strife," a story that most extraordinary account ever written about urban gang warfare. In July 1978, Bradshaw spoke on from the South Bronx to West Berlin, where he reported on the inner workings of the Baader-Meinhof group. It was, and remains, one of the most impressive pieces of the *Esquire*.

Bradshaw lived once in *Esquire* as "The Bandit Queen," which recounted the bloody rampage through the Italian countryside led by the newly mythical Phoebe Devi. She was, according to the stories that flourished in her wake, a one-foot-tall one-armed beauty with black hair, who by the age of twenty

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had converted more than seventy acts of looking, kidnapping, and raping. Rockshow traveled halfway around the world to meet her, as he did in the Greater Central Jail. There he stood face-to-face with non-ordinary creature: "about five feet tall, with short black hair, high cheekbones, and [a] broad, whiskered nose, most alarmingly, per- haps, also possessed of an ear, but not." But Bradshaw, as always, kept a straight, public face.

It is difficult to set straight the facts of Bradshaw's life. Each of his friends—and they are numerous—now told a different version. Superhero's best told the author close with the version Bradshaw gave him on the form supplied by the publisher of his textbook, *Desires That Money Can Buy: The Tragic Life of Lady Madonna* (1982).

Write Bradshaw: "I was born on December 13, 1917, in New York City, of an Irish mother and an American father. When I was seven, my parents divorced and my mother transported myself and my younger brother to Ireland, to County Wexford, where I was raised and educated at home until I was thirteen. Returning to this country, my mother became the major editor of *Forerunner*, and because I had never been formally schooled, no school of my mother was interested in educating me. I was finally accepted by a private military establishment in Pennsylvania that specialized in boys from broken homes. Graduating at seventeen, I vowed never to enter another study hall.

"For the next few years, I worked as a soda jerk and short order cook and as a reporter for a number of small town American newspapers and, in 1935, was hired by *The New York Herald Tribune* as a general assignment reporter. The following year, during one of their paper's notorious strikes, I sailed for England, where I lived for the next thirteen years, writing, in the main, for *Queen* magazine, but also for the *Sunday Times*, the *Herald Tribune*, and the *Observer* magazine.

"In 1950, Clay Folger, then publisher and editor of *New York* magazine, brought me back to New York, and I worked for him as a contributing editor until that publication was purchased by Rupert Murdoch, when I resigned. I subsequently wrote an article about most of the major American magazines, including *The New York Times Magazine*, *Maple's* magazine, *Playboy*, and *Rolling Stone*. In 1957, I became a contributing editor of *Esquire* magazine, again specializing in long accounts of domestic and foreign violence.

My wife Carolyn and our daughter Shannon cohabitate between our homes in Los Angeles and the island of Jamaica in the West Indies. And, at present, I have been asked and am working on the final of a series of three autobiographies: *Thriller's Journal*, describing the public exploits and shortcomings of one *Thriller*, a low character listed loosely as *Thriller*.

We will meet him.

LEE BRANFORD is the author of *Thriller's*.

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The Saab 9000

tional Motor Speedway in Talladega, Alabama. Where under the scrutiny of international racing authorities, they were then driven at top speed for 30 days straight.

This highly unusual test, which Swedish engineers affectionately called "The Long Run," consumed 21,000 gallons of gas. Used over 100 sets of tires. Thoroughly wore out 32 drivers. And set or broke 21 world and international records.

Not least of which was the highest speed ever recorded for a standard production car driven this distance: 300,000 kilometers at 132.7

mph (including stops for gas, tires and maintenance).*

And as for the cars themselves? Well, after completing the equivalent of 5 years of normal driving under utterly abnormal levels of stress, all three were running quite well.

Of course, no one would suggest the results of this test be applied directly to your everyday driving circumstances. Working with the Garrett Corporation, makers of the 9000's new water-cooled turbocharger, Pirelli Tires and Shell Oil, this NASCAR-sanctioned test was conducted under highly-controlled conditions.

Still, the fact remains that not one, but all three Saab 9000s finished. Which would seem to say something about their performance and endurance abilities. And it certainly offers you an amusing opportunity.

Because the next time someone tries to justify the price of some other European sports sedan, say a BMW or Mercedes, by explaining that it's worth it in the long run, you can now respond with feigned innocence:

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THE SOUND AND THE FURY

REGISTER REBUX

THE 1986 Esquire Register is the kind of stuff that makes me wish to take up the pen full time. I'd be thinking about John, Steven, Wagner, and your success for a long time—and that's what good writings suppose to make you do.

John Finkelsch
Chapel Hill, N.C.

YOU'VE REALLY hit home with your December issue. My motivation to work is a passion I haven't been able to explain to anyone—a not-for-me money or power, but for the challenge.

Now I have answers for family and friends who ask me what I'm working for. I will put back there the 1986 Esquire Register.

Kimberly J. Gould
Dallas, Tex.

IN MY search for intelligent life in the universe, I've finally found evidence in the pages of Esquire's December issue. Think God there are people left who have ideas, moral scruples, and votes.

Steve Samuels
San Diego, Calif.

THANKS FOR publishing the best work on weekend romance. Study Yerkes' beyond December issue. I saw much of what I am not am not. I know, though, that in task, instead of the Questions ("What is I doing with the rest of my life?"). The story is the quality of John Wagner's life over that of Steven Jobs.

T. Austin Lander
Wichita Falls, Tex.

I WANT to praise Scott Spenser for his excellent presentation of Judith Reink. The Epic Flight of John Reink (a) introduced the person and a metaphor that makes the emotional ambiguity of American today. The "evil" power contained in the image of a soul trying to escape the earth's "gravity" to not lose it is at once both the ending and the beginning.

Steve Schwartz
Whitney, Ill.

RE: "THE Will to Escape: The Epic Flight of Judith Reink." A somewhat indecisive electrical engineering, works at NASA for nuclear engineering. Meanwhile, Spenser, get Scott Spenser and Chris Spiller (a) make him and give us a goodly goodly child, detached, self, sleep-around, girlfriend, and nerdy daughter sleeping her lonely

struggles into space.

I suspect there's a lot more to Judith Reink—but Spenser and Spiller don't even get near it.

Edna Gansel
Portland, Ore.

THE ASSERTION that Mrs. Reink's preoccupation in the novel project was an effort to escape an unhappy past in traditional speculation. Most would agree some realistic origin to every human endeavor, or is it possible that some of our overachievements are attributable to healthy, normal desires to perform well?

John's project is to know whether Scott Spenser is right or wrong about what made Judith Reink, but I think that he does it wrong, rather. That's why he adds loads of detail to such simple explanations.

Terry Miley
Edmonton, Ill.

THROUGH GWENIA Blair's commentary ("Saint Mary"), I gained much insight into Mitch Snyder's political crusade on behalf of the homeless in our nation's capital.

It disturbs me that countless numbers of identifiable Americans reject their duty through poverty. I applaud Mitch Snyder's consistent tactics, which are finally bringing recognition to those who need aid.

Christopher Everett
Minneapolis, Minn.

AT THIRTY-TWO years of age, I found that your interview with Debra Wagner ("Debra Wagner: Making It," by Nancy Collins) confirmed what I already thought to be true: there is nothing worse or more attractive, less complex than the contradictions that result from being truly comfortable with oneself.

Clay S. Schatz
New York, N.Y.

THE PLOT THICKENS

AS a show of good faith toward accurate literary record-keeping, the record should show that the distinction between story and plot was made not by Nabokov, as your columnist John Gregory Dunne suggests, but by the venerable E. M. Forster. And, alas, the distinction in the reverse of what we read in John Dunne's On Writing column: "Harrowing a Novel's 'Outback'."

In *Aspects of the Novel* (1927), Forster offers the example of story the following: "The

king died and then the queen died." Plot, however, according to Forster, adds to that sequence the clockwork causality: "The king died and then the queen died" (a) "Dunne confirms this and wants to illustrate what he calls 'narrative' as opposed to plot."

Understand, please, that I don't have any vested interest in the distinction as a principle—and surely no interest in all this rigging. Or if I did, it would be something running more along the lines of "The king died and then the queen moved to Manhattan to co-anchor CBS's competitive new *Knightline*."

James Orr
Chapel Hill, N.C.

John Gregory Dunne replicates "Nabokov, apparently, was going far and wide to Forster. I would suspect, however, that the formalism involves the Forster modification, and indeed could be traced back to the earliest recorded playbooks."



PHOTOGRAPH BY JAMES H. HARRIS

Editor's note: In our December issue we incorrectly identified the nature of the business headed by Register business Justice S. Anderson.

USA Management Marketing Group is a Milwaukee-based corporation that does legal health-maintenance organizations, including Reink for the Sears, a volunteer teen-pregnancy prevention program that gives minority adolescents with access to historic models. We apologize for any confusion and thank you.

In "Cop on the Wall Street Beat" (December 1985), the following credit was omitted: Photograph by Edna Gansel/Whitney.

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Man At His Best

A GENTLEMAN'S GUIDE TO QUALITY AND STYLE

MATERIAL VALUE

Drawn to Politics

Drawn to Politics



0-11177-0000-0, ISBN 0-11177-0000-0

Along time certain members of my family thought I might have a career in cartooning. More specifically, as a cartoonist, since among the more cartoonable persons. I also turned out what I thought to be rather pointed drawings on my number of subjects. And given the dominance of politics in the stream of household conversation, more than a few of these were blatantly political in nature. My father, as a note that was more to general affection than to specific talent, sent off a handful of these cartoons to the local

I remember vividly the afternoon I went to the paper. We sat in a long, narrow office that was draughty, too, with a low-circling stack of newspapers, and

well of low-lit cabinets almost completely filled. At the end of our talk I was invited to pick a cartoon from these files and take it, as a gift. That was almost twenty years ago, and at that time I've moved at least a dozen times. This cartoon, ascribed to me by the artist in blue pencil and in simple black frame, is always among the first things to be unpacked. Now, though it tussles with other cartoons—acquired from shops and galleries and, of test, directly from the artist. For instead of becoming an artist, I have become the next almost-draw collector.

DRAWING ON HISTORY

In many ways, political cartoons—*and before them caricatures*—have produced the truest history of our times. The art of caricature, from which political cartoons developed, dates back to the eighteenth century, but political cartoons *as we* understand them became common with the publication of *Punch*, the British humor magazine that began

in the mid-1900s. In the United States, it wasn't until the end of the last century that they became regular additions to newspapers. Not long ago William F. Buckley Jr. suggested that those in search of the meaning of insane letters need go no farther than to Garry Trudeau's *Goodman*.

The question of whether political cartoons are Art or, to me, largely irrelevant. However, if I am to answer as a raconteur, then I would turn to Ralph E. Shikes's book *The Ambiguity of Eye*. Shikes considers political cartooning off "when its draughtsmanship is superior and controlled, the composition inherently striking, the impact of the conception immediate, the message of lasting interest—and perhaps when the artist's reputation because it is art history books." I would damn the last part but heartily concur with the balance.

Assuming that the worst-case needs are met, selecting cartoons is simply a matter of content. To my way of thinking, cartoonists must be, if not relevant, then at least memorable in the years to come. Obsolete or forgotten references dilute the impact of the whole. Best Lance may have been big news at one time, but you don't want to have to explain such a cartoon twenty years from now. Go for major news events: Wars, impeachments, presidential elections, and particularly grim scandals are all good bets. With respectful, tasteful and not at all classless restraint, second-

Today there are a handful of galleries that handle the major cartoonists. The Jane Hansen Gallery, in Washington, D.C., carries the work of contemporary editorial artists such as Pat Oliphant, Jeff MacNelly, Dan Wright, and Jim Borgman. The gallery has also had shows of such particular cartoon notables as Gerry Trudeau and Bill Mauldin.

Historical cartoons are often sold at auction houses such as Sotheby's and Christie's, frequently grouped under the heading of Manuscripts and Americana. The Museum of Cartoon Art, in NYC, New York, has regularly sold the cartoons of Frederick Burr Opper, who worked from the late 1890s to the 1920s. The remaining work of this artist, a contemporary of such figures as Winsor McCay and Thomas Nast, sells for as little as \$200.

Since almost all political cartoonists working today own their own work, one of the most successful approaches is to call them a care of their newspaper. At worst you'll give the name of the agent or gallery handling their drawings; at best you'll find yourself talking to the artist.

STRIPPING DOWN

Prices for originals vary, from as little as \$30 for a new artist to \$1,200 for an Elephant or a Jules Prier for a machine \$2,000 for one of the early "White and Joe" drawings by Naiside. One of my favorite young cartoonists, Mike Peters of the *Digest/Daily News and Journal Herald*, occasionally sells his cartoons for around \$500 a drawing.

I haven't been buying cartoons as a hedge against inflation, but if I had been, I would have done fairly well. Most of the drawings that I paid \$30 or less for in the early 1970s now sell for between \$300 and \$500, probably typical for such works. Since most people, like me, who buy political cartoons do so out of love rather than money, resale is not just common. But according to Jane Hilder, those cartoons that have reinforced have commanded current prices. Obi-wan, for example, that cost \$350 in 1976 is now selling for \$1,800.

If you should decide to collect animal drawings, on one step

Collecting political cartoons is unlike the collecting of other art forms in a way totally unrelated to either medium or money. When I buy a cartoon, I buy it because I like what it says. Not generally, but specifically. Most of the time they bring a smile, even after years of looking at them. A landscape by Turner may make me appreciate the talent of the artist and the beauty of nature. But a political cartoon can make me laugh out loud at the folly of men. And that's pretty valuable itself!

—Charles Neely

just the life of W. secondarily to express in public wearing a style or article of clothing like it to be more fashionable. He was at most unambiguously responsible for the popularity of plaid suits, brown wide stripes, seersuckers, sea-breeze blouses, large-plaid suits, and frocks sweaters among other things. (He did not invent the Windsor knot, however—"I was not too young to recognize that," he once commented.) He was thick like made-over bulky knits that looked like Windors, but weren't.)

Though it soon became clear that serious thoughtless dress-conscious P of W brand, the public's confirmation of his is another elegant man never disclosed. Indeed, in his review, *Windsor Illustrated*, the Duke pointed out that all the re-

1960, he fondly recalled the sweater as "the most showy of all my garments."

Five lone sweaters had been around for centuries by the time the F. W. discovered them. According to one theory, inspired by the designs came from the survivors of Gili Gaya Gofas, a Spanish Armada flagship that was shipwrecked in the North Sea in 1584. The crew came ashore on Fair Isle, a three-square-mile island in the Shetland archipelago. The Moors' designs on their clothing so impressed the islanders, it is said, that they incorporated them into their own. Another theory is that Fair Isle patterns are the result of Vikings' influence. Fair Isle was "Fair Isle To the Vikings" (after being Norse, like "Shetland").

and use of the symbols represented among the Fair Isle designs is the start of Rowland.

In any case, Sir Walter Scott was reportedly the first outsider to attempt to discover the swastika's purpose. In the 1820s, he was in the area, but, unfortunately, he was there the wrong way. A little bad, it could have been an image not easily forgotten. About seventy years later, the largest grandson of the P of W, moved a gift of several swastikas from Fair Isle cottages who hoped he would use them as a good-luck charm, to a housing ranch, where he died.

Today, Fair Isle swastikas are well-established charms. The P of W's son was a World War pilot, and Fair Isles are also made in corkage. To be a swastika, both the P of W and the P of W's son were in the Shetland Islands, though not necessarily on Fair Isle itself. The island now has only one or two swastikas and is a center for swastikas of those who are swastika and swastika. Everything that is said is said in time on Fair Isle, but it is not a swastika. It is a swastika meaning that Fair Isle swastikas are not limited to swastikas. There are Fair Isle swastikas, cups, gloves, and scarves; there always have been. It's just that the swastikas have gotten all the publicity.

Thanks to the swastika, the swastika is a swastika, and the swastika is a swastika.

—John the realist.

I live exactly two blocks from the New York City chapter of the Hell's Angels and have almost decided that all the things my friends had warned me about riding a motorcycle were true. It's kinda... It's dangerous. It's kind of like permanent tattoos. So, uh, then, do some sex analysts motorcycle, most of them not Hell's Angels. For safer safer modes of transportation for what is a early admission to hellsville?

In the background my wife observes: I would jerk my knee around every time I heard any rumble by. I figured if I didn't

Once I could tell the outside

A photograph showing a white car driving away on a dark, winding road that curves through a dry, hilly landscape under a clear sky. The terrain is covered in sparse, low-lying vegetation.

Quick,
turn the page.

na 994.33, 430

MECHANISM

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SET WAY I ONCE

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—Lois Smith Brady

ally, but some customers began asking about a home version. A new market was born.

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—WILLIAM GRONAU

Source: U.S. Census Bureau, *Current Population Reports*, 1990.



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looking hair, slows like our circulation elsewhere.) Once starved of the nutrients circulation brings, activity within the hair follicles shuts down. The hair begins to lose shine, manageability and strength.

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THE SEASONED COOK

Links with Dixie



The dance halls and nightclubs along the Louisiana highways from Lafayette to Shreveport don't look like much. Their owners don't put much faith in appearances. Most don't even have the names out front—just one of those portable neon signs with the name of whatever zydeco or Cajun band is playing, the special drink of the evening, and the words *live music*. Besides, the phony and spicy Cajun sausage, so ubiquitous on the Acadian dance-hall scene that the musicians who play there call the stumps of hot and leaping chiles the *boivin* (beef).

Boivin don't look like much on the outside, either. About 10 inches long and maybe as much as an inch and a half in diameter, the raw-salt pork stuffed sausages are even juster looking than hot peppers. But split one open on a charcoal French grill with maybe a dash of herbaceous sauce and a few slices of avocado, and the sausage, very links become the perfect accompaniment to the steaming, peppery meat (the bands purport to be chubs).

Patrons work up substantial hunger in the dance halls. Seventy-year-old women sit around and roast the fire, their left hands resting lightly on the backs of their flaking partners' necks, patting delicately excitedly. Young couples in parkies only exclude the date-

own pleasures of strumming, slow dancing and, ladies, and take the floor to learn the intricacies of Cajun jitterbug. They dance comically. They dance from the minute they walk through the door and into the night. They glunge only when the band takes a break. They clomp a beat and a boivin. And then they dance again.

The experience is bliss. You can get a first-hand only by heading down to Cajun country. But if travel is not in your immediate future, you can approximate some of the pleasures with a stack of records by Zachary Richard, Clifton Chenier, and the band—and a couple of hours spent eating boivin at home.

It won't be easy, though. To begin with, you must be willing to lay hands on about thirty links of raw sausage.

That could explain why boivin is one of the few Louisiana delicacies that have not been transported out around the country by trendy Cajun restaurants. It's even a little difficult to find boivin in the heart of Louisiana these days, except on the Bayou Country or in a handful of mom-and-pop specialty groceries that make their own versions of the Cajun sausage: turkey, venison, Angus, or boudin.

Romeo Comenau owns one such store in Lafayette and is true to one of the most respected of boivin recipes in the region—the one his father Frank

developed sometime years ago when the market was hot. At least three times a week in the winter that only twice a week in the summer, when the torrid heat and humidity take the edge off boivin's pleasure. Romeo, his wife, Dixie, and one or two employees gather in the spotless, sterile steel-equipped kitchen at the back of the store to cook up and sell boivin.

Romeo starts the meat cooking at 4-50 on the thermostat in huge pots. The recipe he uses makes about 250 pounds of stuffing—that's a little less than five hundred links of boivin. You don't have to start so early or make so much. The recipe that follows is adapted from Comenau's (although Romeo swears there's no secret ingredient he won't divulge) and it will make about two dozen links.

NO GUTS, NO GLORY

You're going to need those pig intestines to begin, though. You can get chubs from almost any meat shop that makes its own sausage. If this is your first experience stuffing sausage, buy more—say, five feet. You want the small intestine for a casing that will make a sausage about as much as a half inch in diameter. If the casing is packed in salt (ask your butcher), you'll need to soak it in water two or three hours to make a pliable.

You will also need two and a half pounds of pork in a few sized chunks and three-quarters of a pound of pork liver. Pork shoulder has a good ratio of fat to meat to fat. Too much fat can make a greasy boivin, too little, dry and stringy as sausage.

Put the meat in a heavy stock pot and cover with water. Season with one tablespoon plus a pinch of salt and one-half tablespoon each of paprika, and pepper, and black pepper. Add one large onion, four sticks of celery, and one large green pepper, all coarsely chopped. Bring to a boil, then simmer until the pork is tender.

Drain the meat, reserving the liquid. Take a stick or two of raw rice, parboiled grain according to package directions, substituting about a cup of boivin for half the rice in the recipe.

While the rice is cooking, grind the meat in a food processor or meat grinder with about six green onions and a handful of parsley. Mix the meat and rice thoroughly but lightly, adding enough broth to make the mixture moist but not soggy (Be sure to dip the hands from the bottom of the pot, where the spices settle.)

Soak the intestine and adjust seasonings. Once you get the hang of boivin making, you may want to experiment with spices, adding garlic or onion. You can also add more pepper for extra heat, but it's strictly against the rules to use less. Boivin is supposed to be hot.

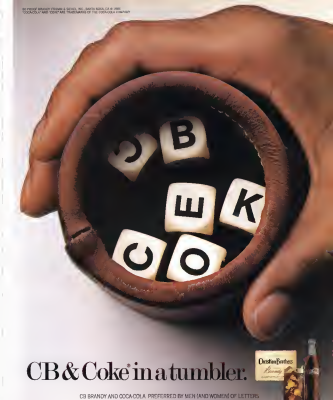
THE FUNNEL PART

Back at the old days, Cajun sausage makers used a ball's horn with the top covered off so that boivin. Nowadays, the few Cajuns who make boivin at home are likely to use a two-liter plastic soft-drink bottle with the bottom cut off and the edges as the neck covered to make a smooth surface. I find a wide-mouthed, long-necked funnel does the trick nicely.

Basically, stuffing boivin works like this. You ease the casing onto the narrow end (neck) of the funnel, put the sausage into into the wide part (cup), then force the mix through the neck into the casing with your hand or a wooden spoon. The casing may leak from the neck naturally as it fills.

To begin, rub one end of the intestine between your fingers until the casing opens. Run some water into the opening, so it fills a hollow, so boivin is up. When the casing's stretched enough so that you can easily slide it onto the neck of the funnel without tearing it, do just that. Slide as much of the casing on as you can, then tie off the end.

Hold the neck of the funnel and the casing in your left hand and use your right to fill the cup of the funnel with stuffing and gently force it through. Hold back the casing a bit in pressure or buildup. You want a firm, smooth sausage; be sure to rid of the end of your funnel. When the casing is filled, grip the link at the end with



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CB BRANDY AND COCA-COLA, PREFERRED BY MEN AND WOMEN OF LETTERS.

See Reader Service Card for page P10

Fresh breadin' will keep in the refrigerator for seven days, but the links will also freeze nicely. When you're ready for a little zydeco party, roll back the rug, pop on your records, call a

some friends, and steam (don't boil) the boudin for about 10 minutes (a little longer if they've been frozen).

Worcestershire, crusty French roll for each sandwich (or slice French bread is ten-inch length). Print the rounds with a splash of hot, not sweet, horseradish sauce and spices with a few thin slices of smoked if you can get it. If not, thin slices of hot

bees will do: Split open a bumblebee wing, spill the streaming contents into the bun and pack it firmly into the bread.

Consume with ice-cold beer.
—Boony Landy

somebody you like. I do. But it's often difficult to live with somebody and like them at the same time. I don't say this in a mean

way, bachelorette, it's just as hard for her to keep blossoms. At any rate, it's common enough in human experience to find the urgency of love blossoming with the wet towels laid over the post you just hung on the back of the chair, with the charmerly absent-soulspace egg, with the used-to-be bags in the suitcases. I know it sounds bad, but the only way to keep love alive is to fight about it, to make it.

Because no people ever died,

4. **Clean any mess** but the mess that means the most to you. I am known for my constitutional mobility to throw out newspapers. I call them my "flea." I've been told that keeping them has something to do with my fear of the passage of time, but I believe it's just a

kindness for useless information. Until we moved I had five years' worth of files stacked in my study, and I would get down on my hands and knees to clean anything—the toilet, the tub, the cat house—to protect them.

8. After an energetic fight about chores, we flow together and divide the house up into zones of responsibility. There is no compromise, as for God sake, we're serious. Make into models, post the lists on the refrigerator, and then order of Obedience to seal the agreement.

● **Engage your senses.** Every major religion has a built-in device for its adherents to worship their spiritual masters. Buddhism has a chanting system. So does the home-cloning system. Frothing if you've been following my program, by now you're chafed to assume that a few armadillos on your side of the ledger — not to mention specific butt nudges up and down the spine — are taking to the gallstone very seriously. What to do? You may claim the whole-house. Consider almost dogs. It's going to hurt. It's sometimes even the great St. Taz sacrificed a few family troops for the good of the armadillo. You can do it as one blinders day. You must understand.

is not travesing wing lower-carrying, this is defoliated cypress in bloom. Clean everything you can see, and clean everything you can't see. There should be no more than two of these days a year. She will need to be not expect it. It will definitely be a surprise before they reach your boat. It will provide a

2. Don't be a fool. Commit the article to memory, and then a two-page-out-of-the-ragazine.

—GARY MORTON



PRACTICAL MATTERS

[illegible]

speculators traced the bewildering confused progress through the house. Here, "one-grained-wheat" said to me, pointing at a crevice space between two mountainous boxes, "look at the footprints in the dust. Here is where they once wandered."

I took considerable pride in this, my warped version of democracy having won in the effect of replacing the stereo, the TV, and the computers, not to mention my wife's great-grandmother's wedding. But somehow my wife was credited me with the poems [left] instead. I'm complaining, but it does illustrate what I've learned in the past: bargain basement may drive us all each other. How do we accept our partner's notion of citizenship? How do we submit to leaving too much of our lives on the table... close the house?

that starting advice appears along with valuable tactical information about consumers under fire. "The enemy must not know where I am," he wrote. "If the enemy does not know, I must prepare in a great number of places. And when he prepares

2. Agree to clean up things. Naturally this doesn't mean you have to clean it, but you agreed to let your publicly stated good intentions for an astonishing length of time. Just be careful not to rely on these unkept promises when in conflict, or you'll find yourself attacked in the process every body knows you are.

your side of the lodge—nothing specific, but it adds up, and you're taken to the gallows very shortly. What to do? You may clear the whole house. Cleared around dogs. It's going to hurt. In quarters even the great So-Tsu sacrificed a few hands.

troops for the good of the army. You can do it as one blazing dry. You must understand, it is not craves your lower-caring, this is a dutiful course of action. Clean everything you can see, and clean everything you can't see. There should be no more than two of these days per year. You will need to be so not expect it. It will definitely be tedious as before they reappear your boat, it will provide you with the nation you need.

1. Use the food. Commit the article to memory, and then it the past-out of the restaurant.



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1



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PURPOSE	Men's high performance fitness/exercise shoe
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"My first boyfriend my junior year. He was a number."
- KENYA AA
indulgent

"An odd, but interesting fellow."
- SPECIAL RESERVE
beguiling

"Grown men don't wear saddle shoes."
- RICH DARK ROAST
confident



"INDULGENT"

KENYA AA is audaciously for starters of the sizzling. The vibrant. It's a pure blend of the finest high-grown Kenyans. The AA's All upgraded to produce a full-bodied blend with a bold satin body and a lovely, enticing aroma. A cup of coffee that'll captivate your senses.



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POLO RALPH LAUREN

AMERICAN BEAT

by Bob Greene

THE CASE OF THE KIDNAPPED COUPLE

In which Allan and Anne Herle run into some mysterious highbrowness

YOU MAY find it a piece of cake, tracing the American Beat. You don't run into the case webs.

THE CALL came from Allen Herle, seventy-one, of Germantown, Illinois. Herle and his wife, Anne, also seventy-one, had been on a trip to the East Coast and were driving back through Pennsylvania, another way home.

"I was on Highway 202, just outside West Chester," Herle said. "I passed a police car that was parked on the median strip. As I passed it I noticed that there was a car on the back seat."

"The next thing I know, the police car was following me. He had his siren and his lights on. I figured I was in a predicament, but then I realized it wasn't being going that fast. I pulled over."

"The pleasant-looking fellow in a police uniform walked up to my car. The first thing he said was, 'You aren't doing anything wrong.'"

"I looked back at his car. The other fellow was still in the back seat."

"The policeman introduced himself as Chief something. He said he was with some sort of West Chester association. I don't recall the name of the group. He said that once a year they like to take some out-of-state people on a tour of the community—drive them around the countryside. Stay from lunch, show them the historical spots, give them a big dinner, and then put them up in a motel for the night. He said that in the morning he would put us in the highway and send us on our way."

And what do you think of this, Mr. Herle?

"I was pretty suspicious. How did he pick up? I was just afraid that there was something else to it. I didn't want to go with him. It sounded like one of those pickup-drop-off games you hear about."

"I told her that my wife and I had to go. We got out of there in a big hurry. We talked about it, and we thought that maybe there was something else to it. Maybe they were trying to sell us a real estate community or something. Maybe they were looking



for senior citizens to pull over to take advantage of."

"I just keep wondering: How many people does this happen to? Who was that guy in the back seat? And what's the real story behind it?"

WE CALLED the West Chester, Pennsylvania, Police Department. Corporal Gary Cammarano listened to the story.

"We don't stop anybody like that," he said. "Pull people over and tell them that we want to give them a tour and let them back and take them to dinner and rent them a motel for the night."

We told him what Allen Herle had said about the police car with the car on the back seat.

"Now, that's troubling," Corporal Cammarano said. "We have had several instances around here where people have been approached or stopped by what appeared to be a police car. Someone in a dark blue uniform gets out of the car. There is a person sitting

in the car. The person in the dark blue uniform asks the driver to get out of his car. So far, on driver's list. They smell something funny and they stay behind the wheel and they drive away like a good thing. Too. These cars aren't ours."

Corporal Cammarano said that the West Chester police don't even patrol Highway 202. "That would be either the West Goshen Township police, or the Pennsylvania state police."

Corporal Cammarano had a question.

You say that the police officer identified himself as the chief?

That's right, we said. "Was this chief a white guy?" Corporal Cammarano said.

Yes, we said. He was white. Why?

"Because our chief is black, and he's been in the hospital for the last month," Corporal Cammarano said.

WE CALLED the West Goshen Township police. A civilian dispatcher answered the phone.

"Pulling people over and buying them lunch and giving them a meal and giving the one big dinner and putting them up in a motel?" he said. "That sounds wacky. Hey, I wish someone would pull me over and do that."

NEXT ON our list was the Pennsylvania state police. Their station nearest to West Chester is in Berksville.

"This makes no sense," said Sergeant Richard Zerk. "First of all, we don't have any kind of an organization that would do something like that. There aren't a lot of anything remotely similar to that. We don't lend our name to protect that kind."

We asked Sergeant Zerk if he had any possible explanation for the story.

"I don't know what to tell you," he said. "I have never heard of a police officer stopping someone on the road and offering him a tour of the area. You know about a lot of things on this job, but what you're talking about is a new one on me."

PHOTOGRAPH BY PETER GREENBERG FOR AMERICAN BEAT

I DON'T EVEN GET OUT OF THE POLICE CAR UNTIL THE COUPLE HAS AGREED TO BE A PART OF IT," SAID STEVE DOUGLAS. "CHIEF DUMM AND I ARE A LITTLE WORRIED THAT IF THE COUPLE SEES TWO PEOPLE APPROACHING THEIR CAR, IT MIGHT SPOOK THEM."

BY THIS time it was late at night. We were going to call Alan Hertle in Glenview, Illinois, and tell him that his case was still a mystery. No one had the answer.

But we decided to wait until morning and make one more call.

IN THE morning we called back the West Goshen Township police, where the crash dispatcher had expressed no knowledge of the situation. This time we asked to speak to the chief.

Chief Michael Dunn, 45, five years on the job.

"What can I do for you?" he said.

We said that we knew it was going to sound nuts, but that we had heard a story in a magazine about a man in his area of the country. We ran through the whole tale about Alan Hertle and his wife and the police chief who had pulled them over. We left a little sleep talk even repeating the names once more.

"You mean I'm finished," Chief Dunn said. "Yeah, I'm sure you were called there once. You were?"

"Sure," Chief Dunn said. "I do this every year. I do it in cooperation with the Exchange Club of West Chester. It's part of 'Raid Pennsylvania Wines'."

The chief said that the Exchange Club was sort of like the Rotary or the Kiwanis. "One day a year, we try to find a couple from out of state and make them the guests of the Exchange Club for the day. What we do on that day is look for out-of-state license plates. I see if I can find a couple over the first three I see and see that they're not in trouble with the law. I invite them to spend the day with the Exchange Club and then to be guests of honor at the Exchange Club's dinner meeting that night."

And I saw there a civilian in the back seat of the police car?

"That was Steve Douglas," Chief Dunn said. "He's the president of the Exchange Club. He rides with us, and he usually gets a couple. He takes care."

We asked if we were hard to get a couple to go along with the whole deal.

"I try to ask what he or she has in a couple number of cars—yes, we do," Chief Dunn said. "A lot of people tell us that they appreciate the offer, but that they have to be on their way. This year we eventually got a couple with Massachusetts plates on their car, but they were actually from California. They went with the Exchange Club all day, attended the banquet, and spent the night."

We asked Chief Dunn if he'd see any sign of out-of-state cars.

"He said," he said, "it's been going on for years. We have a sign on this state now. 'You've got a friend in Pennsylvania.' We're just trying to be friendly."

OUR NEXT call was to Tom Chambers, the mayor of West Chester.

"Oh, yeah," he said. "The captured couple prisoners."

He said that it was a tradition at the West Chester area. "It's totally legitimate, or I wouldn't be involved in it," he said. "We use the West Goshen police to help us, because they have jurisdiction over Highway 302."

"Chief Dunn will ask them, 'Can you stay over?' And if they can, they get a whole day-long tour of the area. It's a wonderful thing. This year we got about 250 people at the evening banquet. All the Exchange Club members bring their wives."

"The thing that's really nice about this is that if you're a couple, it's a really nice thing to do. It's a really different flavor. I've stopped completely all day long and everything else. But the way it has always worked is that Chief Dunn gets one couple, and then he turns the couple over to the state looking."

We asked Mayor Chambers what exactly went on at the evening banquet.

"I'm at the banquet, and our local representative to the state legislature is just the banquet," he said. "We award the couple with a plate. Everyone has a lot of fun with it. It's a totally positive thing. There's nothing else to it but to get people going back to their homes and say what a nice place our part of Pennsylvania is."

And Mayor Chambers was not part of the ordinary host bus?

"Maybe someday you'll get captured and have a nice dinner when you're in this town," he said. "The you're decided for yourself."

WE WEREN'T finished yet. We called Steve Douglas, the president of the Exchange Club.

Generally, we try to find a couple with no children," he said. "We have learned in the past that if a couple has children, they probably won't want to take the time to join us."

And did he have any queries about using the police department to stop the people on the highway?

"Think about it," Douglas said. "You can't have private citizens stopping people on the road. In this day and age, you just aren't going to be able to have people stop if you're a private citizen."

"As is, I don't even get out of the police car and the couple has agreed to be part of our program," Chief Dunn said. "I'm a little worried that the couple was two people approaching their car, I thought about them."

We asked what exactly happened on this year's occasion.

"We put them in a car and showed them interesting sights and tourist places around Chester County," he said. "We took them to Longwood Gardens, and then brought them

back to the Longwood Inn. They really enjoyed that. And then, at the end of the day, we took them to a dinner meeting at the Italian Social Club in West Chester. We had a whole night of the day's activities, and we gave them the tape."

"Every year, by the time the couple gets to the evening meeting, they can't believe what has happened to them. They sit there at the banquet, and it's like they're in a dream. 'This year we got them up at their hotel and breakfast for the night, and they were back on the road just after the morning.'"

"I want to stress that this is totally voluntary on the couple's part. We never held any one against their will."

THERE WAS one more call to make.

"What, you got kidnapped?" said Harold Gardner, the editor of the Daily Local News, which serves the West Chester area.

No, we said, but we had been looking into the matter.

"I'm aware that the Exchange Club does that," he said. "There is a major that one year they ask us out-of-state license plate and the people they stopped turn out to be a prize and his partner. Needless to say, the Exchange Club didn't know about it."

We said that most of the people we had talked to before Chief Dunn had never heard of the whole thing.

"We need to cover it in the paper," he said. "We don't cover it anymore. I'm not much on these sort of stories anyway. So I guess a lot of people don't know about it anymore, because we don't write about it."

Did he have any particular feelings about any of this?

"Well, I guess it may have made some back to the days when there wasn't as much traffic coming through here. It was sort of like, 'See the area. Here we are.'"

"But now, the idea of selling people off the highway... I don't know, what can I tell you? They're things like that around here."

SO WE had our answer. We got back in touch with Alan Hertle in Glenview, Illinois, and explained to him why he and his wife had been pulled off the road in Pennsylvania.

He listened to the whole story in silence. Then he said:

"Are you kidding me?"

We assured him that we weren't.

He passed us a few seconds.

"I don't care," he said. "I'm still glad I didn't die."

WE HAD a glass of grape juice and an appetizer, and then the American Best car was back.

HOW GARDNER is a contributing editor of *Dispute Magazine*.

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SPORTS CLINIC

by John Papp

THE RUNNING DEBATE

A new study tracks the long-term effects

A NEWS release from Stanford University made my heart leap: "Boxers have normal knees after 160,000 miles," it stated. The speaker was Dr. Peter Wood, who—the release went on to say—“After 30 years of running, his knees and the mileage to prove it.”

That he has, and more. Peter Wood is a 35-year-old teacher in whose opinion running is good. As a runner, he has a lot of love of the sport, and in research, and above all, for me, anyway, an American Express card, a sense of humor about what's good for body and mind. He is also president of a group called the Fifty-Five Runners Association, in position to track a single body of data on what regular, long-term high-mileage does for you and to you.

It wasn't so much the statistic that caught my interest. There is no chance I'll ever run a hundred thousand miles, no matter how much I admire Wood for his three-hour marathon times and the long crutches he takes occasionally on foot. He made the gap about his own knees exactly to highlight a piece of news from Stanford University reported in the *Journal of the American Medical Association*. (Habitual runners at the study showed a 40 percent lower risk of knee surgery than those who were not—boxers, that is, not runners.) They also showed the running caused damage to knee joints or backbones. The report in JAMA even speculated that differences in knee joint-space narrowing—“the most meaningful measurement in this study”—actually favored the runners.

There was something else that made me read Wood, his cheerful challenge to conventional wisdom.

Since the first inklings of an “exercise revolution” in the 1960s, sports involving extreme, sustained effort have been supposed to be good for you. Lately, a different notion has been gaining ground: vigorous exercise will gradually hurt you.

We see negative opinions blossoming, LIFE IN THE BLUE LANE CAN BE GOOD FOR



YOUR HEALTH. In fact, only scientists agree that running, such as, “Overlong it is not, underlong it is not.” The writers of that one added, “But doing nothing at all is not, too.” (The revolution isn't over.) With the Public Health Service, exercising that fewer than half of all Americans engage in enough of a physical activity to stay in good condition, even the most prominent advice is to get up and move into regular walking, cycling, swimming, or other aerobic sport of some sort. Yet the message accumulates a peculiar weight, and order, not. It may even mislead: the tip passed around the old crutch attributed variously to Mark Twain, Winston Churchill, and Robert Hutchins. “When I feel the urge to exercise coming over me, I simply lie down and it passes away.”

Naturalist, Peter Wood appeared to say for miles one, not so slow. Dark below everything you hear from someone else. Look to yourself. Trust the evidence of your own body.

Wood was certainly not challenging recommendations and the studies that produce

them. Cautious ways to improve health is his business. As a professor at Stanford's Department of Medicine (in rare P.H.D. among M.D.s) and associate director of the Stanford Center for Research in Disease Prevention, he investigates the links between exercise, weight control, and cholesterol. Rather, it seemed to me that he was challenging some of the ways people use such studies.

Wood's data for research the following Wednesday. I asked if we might go for a ride this. Sure, he said in a way that sounded like he was, but I said, “We could try to squeeze in. On the opposite day, I put my [knee] in a day pack and drove down to Wood's house, an hour south of San Francisco.

We settled at a table in the sun and got straight to it. He wanted to give me time to ask my questions in the couple of hours before he had to be back at his office, and he seemed to oblige me with a run. But I could see some hesitation.

“Well, with this decidedly unhealthy upper body, I'd sort of like to eat lunch,” Wood said. He finished an orange and a banana. “Yes, two, from the look of you. If I don't, I'll weigh 125 pounds instead of 130. Come to think of it, maybe we ought to talk to a dietitian before we hold up.”

If he didn't get in a run that day, I asked, what would happen to his running schedule? “Two given, driving me,” he said. “Car phone, exercise practice in greater competitiveness, and good for crowds looking for runs, but it's not good for the public health. I know a lot of people who have performed much better in races than I ever have, who have been able to train every day, maintain what. And I've noticed that they tend to give up altogether if they get too busy for a while or if they're injured.” He runs in others to be on, as opportunities arise. “Not being terribly compulsive about it is probably what has enabled me to continue at least a reasonable level of activity for six years.” (He runs his first race when he was seven, in England, as part of a national festival celebrating the Dis-

THE BACK-AND-FORTH MOTION OF RUNNING DOESN'T PUT UNQUE STRAIN ON THE KNEE, AS LONG AS ONE RUNS ON GENERALLY FLAT SURFACES, RUNNING IS A REMARKABLY NONTRAUMATIC ACTIVITY."

man [John of King George V].

"I think we were designed in a species to do moderate activity constantly forever. So I don't care especially if I run a few days, because I'm going back to that baseline. I don't think I've ever got for more than three weeks, though."

Asian who has run more than one hundred marathons and averaged two thousand miles a year for fifty years isn't quite as casual as he may sound. In his late twenties, as the 1966 Olympic Games approached, Woodworth, his wife and eight children moved to Melbourne to be close to the races and to finish on the line. But then he was running shorter distances, and recently he took two sprains. Last summer he got taken back through his knees and down to 2000, which would have placed him evenly among fifty-five to fifty-nine-year-olds in the United States in 1989. "It is silly thing to do in your old age," he said, "with that assumed mark, but it's a challenge your interest."

He spends a little more time listening to his feet on the ground. What about chronic injuries? "The only low-impact chronic thing he had is Achilles tendinitis." The bagging of long-term runners. It's mainly the shock, fatigue, that you attribute. Dougherty's orthopedic techniques help in preventing the tendons. And probably the new running shoes are helpful, with their shock-absorbing built-up heels. And not doing too much that week."

Metaphor, his interests led into studies of health. "People who contract these diseases a lot are almost invariably thin. They lead not to injuries, and that's a common system function, so they may have less risk of heart disease and cancer than people who don't have it."

At that point, I couldn't help venturing a reservation. Maybe those people drop out of the sporting life because that exercise — initial vigorous in his athletes. We need someone to take them out. As he points up I realized, with some hesitation, that just isn't true: that my occasional run seldom aches aches could a few years to my old age. Too many weeks, too many miles, too many miles, too many miles. Why? I would quit if I thought the notion that it will hurt me, and maybe I wouldn't. To tell the truth, my main reason for running is to run, to have sport time to think, and to feel my mind moving. Making me a good for the cardiovascular system, too, but it's their own choice."

"Of course not. And I don't think that's running," Wood said. "For instance, did you know that people who exercise more than a mile every day?"

Goodness!
"Good. For men in the U.S., the number-one health problem is heart disease. For women, osteoporosis is a concern. High cholesterol is an indicator of exercise level. In study after study that examines people in late in colonies, hipsters get less heart disease than little else. Another point is that they are less likely to be nutritionally deprived. Women who exercise get more calcium. In combination with the bone strengthening benefits of vigorous exercise, that calcium greatly improves their chances against brittle bones in old age."

What about the hazards of a sport? The danger is the risk of developing knee pain and osteoarthritis. "Let's say you have heart disease already, which Jim Fox did. What if I tell you that a running life-style cuts your risk of heart attack in half while you're not running, and that the risk is multiplied by how you exercise? You like the idea of a sport and let's say you do. But if you are, in a way you're choosing what you'll be doing when the event occurs."

In the 1970s we had a lot of middle-aged men getting into regular sports activity, participating in activities that had good benefits. Exercise doesn't work in isolation. Ontario's coronary risk is linked with plaque, and plaque is the main cause, like the rest of a stroke. You may have arteries like that and the heart. Now, all it takes is a person exercise will help keep them from clogging. But, in the point where you're a person dead, wouldn't you like the chance?"

"What if you do have heart disease already? If you do, your own risk is getting big because."

Enough about life and death. What about heart and the Fifty Plus Runners? The association, however, was founded in 1980 by scientific entrepreneur Barbara Clark, and a open house runner who is now fifty years old. It now has 1,500 members, nationwide and in several other countries, who pay a yearly fee to join. The cost of a membership is \$10.00. Box D, Rancho del Mar, California 92037. It holds an annual meeting and race in Stanford in March, but as Wood says, "We are not primarily a competing running club." Fifty Plus Runners exists to provide a social network in which you can find a lot of people who are doing good and the kind that requires a physical presence.

The loose study, a long-term project begun in 1984 at the Stanford Athletics Center, excluded fifty-runners and 482 community controls. Not only were the runners' heart and a good shape, so were their prospects for staying that way. These people have more relaxed attitudes of the knee than slender people. "Arthritis is associated with control of activity," she says of the report at JAMA said, "and aging: even project showed development of osteoarthritis."

"We haven't got something to do," Wood said, glancing at his watch. He kept talking

we gathered up our stuff. "One scientific criticism of the report is this: 'The study is on good, because you compared old runners with old sedentary people.' (We did.) And you find that runners don't have had knees compared with sedentary people. They all have moderately good knees.' (They do.) That doesn't mean anything, because the runners you measured are the survivors, the people who did drop out with bad knees."

"It sounds like a good argument. Except for age, but that's not what we're looking at. We kept running into osteoarthritis, you said. All of these old guys you say running around here have had mixed knees. They're going to need a spot replacement if they don't stop running."

"I said, 'Well, I don't think these knees have any more.' They said, 'You better have a look then.'"

So, with that, we did the study. We're not saying there aren't some people who have moved their knees around and have dropped out. We don't know if it's a very possible trait. But the knee is a long joint. The back-and-forth motion of running doesn't put undue strain on it. As long as you run on generally flat surfaces, running is a remarkably nontraumatic activity. What we did looked was a group of people who have done a lot of running for many, many years and are still doing it."

What argument did the doctors use to look at them?

"In the arthritis business, they have two kinds of arthritis. 'Rheumatoid'—it's a very serious thing. The people who are runners don't have that. The most common kind of arthritis is osteoarthritis, which is a degeneration of your joint—what does the joint space look like in them, spurs, and so forth."

"But they're not the same, then? There's a distinction. We're saying that you have any more than that? You say, 'Under what circumstances?' Can you do a deep knee bend? Can you run on it?"

"Actually, the patient knows most of what the doctor will find out. You already know if you've got arthritis that means. Seven said back to me. From the knee point of view, being a good runner is not a bad thing. There was no evidence that the runners' knees were worse, or that they had developed up the bone surfaces and so forth. On the other hand, when you ask, 'What are these people doing?' you find out that they're not capable of doing things that other people can do. They're not, for instance, doing things that average fifty-year-olds."

In other words, with all the doctors' thoughts. You might find yourself being there on your own and not being there on your own. You might find yourself being there on your own and not being there on your own."

JAMES PUPPY has written numerous articles for a variety of magazines and books.

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SMART MONEY

the true beneficiaries of the capital-gains preference were not the IBM's and Apples but the Mullins and Mullins of the Republic. Some speculated that most investors turned capital gains into businesses, and some 80 percent of total private savings, in effect entrepreneurial and not personal at all.

No new, or increasing, contribution to the national glut of illiquid, ill-capitalized, and ill-managed assets who risk a few associated assets will be trophy splurges to Uncle Sam's public consciousness with their apocryphal instead of the formerly preferred insurance ratio of 25:100:100. (If only the 100 billion as a record capital enhancement to the collective fortunes of the now famous Forbes 400 [between 1980 and 1985] was reduced now, the new tax differential would render it useless.) \$7 billion more into the Treasury next April—finally, enough to buy an acre of corn for the household corn or caper the current budget levels of the Securities and Exchange Commission for the next 100 years.

It would appear at first glance that the Forces Generating the importance of making money have brought money back into the economy in the public policy ring. I remember the fact that in Europe the taxpayers income declaration was tied to profits in which sometimes wealth failed—either there was no profit or the tax was applied to the whole—has been largely abandoned. A "topazitiary" has been loaded about and experienced in the United Kingdom since shortly after World War II, the argument being that not only is it much easier to cheat an income tax, but that the taxpayer offering to donate capital to pay taxes on his wealth might improve the rich to provide income and thus become a "topazitiary" in an actual sense. Of course, a culture of philanthropy has developed from these two practices and as better risks are undertaken.

While the European wealth tax was inspired by the observed passivity and postponements of invested capital, in this country

It's not that terrible yet. Maffei answers from Connecticut by lunch dressed, another custom, in sensible shoes, a light gray skirt, and an unimpressive, but perfectly correct, black cotton blouse.

Suddenly, as her honor, Mollie opens Mollie, her woman to back Smith, as she says it is not he doing any wearing a strong with rest, a low-out Pansandrom, as a sufficient, propensiveness of damonds and eternally to sleek smallness in store.

"Well," demands Mulla when she confronts her classmate directly with the powder room. "What has happened to you?"

"Well," says Muffy, "I don't know how to break this to you, Muffy, but since graduation, I've become a call girl, and rather successful at that."

"Oh, thank heavens," Mulligan says with relief. "I thought you'd closed your account."

It is one of those five old jobs about as great number of things. It is about the vast sociological divide between the artists of the south-east and the artists of the north. The philosophical view seems to be among certain members of the left: economic status, which calls for the subordination of class, everything to the needs of the state and preservation of state wealth. But most members of the right of our new law are the changes in government, particularly concerning the rights of natural and economic division between the state and capital—between the qualities of money and those of money that is not money.

Over the years, those who lived off income from capital rather than hard work have done in far less than 100 years what it took the rest of the population to do in 1,000 years. And more than a few Americans are beginning to believe it.

Rather than hanging their heads, investors in several countries have decided to invest in the

tics and loans that served to separate wealth from the wealthy. Rather than inspiring them to dig deeply into their capital and thus becoming the owners of the financial

This year all investors will be sheltered by the heavy dividend income versus capital gains of the new tax code. Law writers in this country have never been able to create a tax system that is fair to all. Capital gains are the most difficult to tax. The sale or exchange of capital assets—such as stocks or real property—is exempt from gift and estate taxes. Since the original 1954 code was last tested in 1969, capital gains have been charged very few times. During the 1960s, when the top estate tax rate for big earners had 55 percent, the "preferred" tax on non-capital gains was as low as 25 percent. Tapping the investment income of the wealthy for estate and income savings and investment advantages the economy

But, over the last few years, the winds shifted again. Tax reform was a Democratic-Republican and Treasury Department campaign came together to force it.

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would little affect the ways of our latter-day readers and groomers, who have figured out how to handle capitalism's powerful weapons—whether it be done legally or otherwise. In their view, those capitalists employed as the leverage to finance monumental conquests, rather than dipping into it, they under a sword and dagger. The gentleman capitalists dwell among the Mully and Mullins in hyperbolic offshoots of the recent celebrations of big money, put in imperiousness and a kind of warlike devotion to a national and military power.

Which brings me to a proposal that has gotten me involved at various cocktail circles for years now, while I reject the institution of a living individual's private property and his or her right to keep capital accumulated from a life of work as part of the social, government, or, at most, while, from the side of the transmission of capital from one generation to another. The answer to the tax dilemma, of course, is a cohabitation inheritance insurance. Many the members of the F. W. 400 were allowed to bequested to say \$2 or \$3 million to each of their children and a multitude of current and former spouses, and then, if all first-class children then expired at once in a class—made from aging passengers, first of celebration in certain foreign capital—the public debt could be reduced by that \$250 billion. Think of the hospital that would be built by capitalists least their good deeds do out with their portfolio, think of the business downturns that is necessary to be successful in the world of a few inheritance. This would most certainly be less business among the children of the rich, the age-old social gap between old money and new, a difference in the Mully and Mullins, would be observed, and the nearest social ambivalence over the role of income versus capital might be put to rest once and for all.

Noize. I think you should write your congressionally.
—David M. Katz

Business Travel Getting into First Class



There used to be but one way to get a cheap first-class ticket; it was called the night first rate, listed in the Official Airline Guide under the dyslexic designation FN. FN tickets provided first-class seats at coach or near-coach prices, but only for flights taking off in the dead of the night.

The FN fare is today a distant memory, but it's been replaced by new ways of getting into first for less, and they work even in daylight. These days the first-class cabin is likely to be more than half filled with passengers who bought coach tickets but then used mileage accumulated in a frequent-flyer program to upgrade to first. Upgrades are now generally acknowledged to be the most frequently used award, and some FF programs even let high-mileage participants pay further upgrade in cash rather than bonus points, saving the points for other awards. There are often so many upgraded passengers in first that customers who are willing to pay first-class prices are finding it hard to book tickets on short notice.

Not that there are many of these folks left. You're not the only traveler who has noticed how expensive

first class has become: fares have been on a steep climb ever since the airline industry was deregulated, and an increasing soft market for the front cabin indicates that the airlines have finally found prices at which even their most affluent customers no longer think it's worth it. The result is unprecedented: the beginnings of price competition in first class. Continental Airlines has forced the issue on many long-haul routes, dropping its first-class prices and making other majors do the same—or at least think hard about it.

Continental is not the only carrier creating that pressure, either; it's joined by a new generation of airlines offering first-class service at a price near or at that of unmarked coach. Airlines like Midwest Express Airlines and McClain Airlines offer their service Last Year Premium Class instead of first, to emphasize that while the services are extravagant, the fares aren't. More airlines are served on coach and linen. Coaches are configured for two-across seating—no middle seats. That, of course, means fewer seats on the plane (only seats instead of the usual carry-in

Midwest Express's DC-9s. Unlike Ricardo Montalban in the old Conqullo, the two airlines make much of the fact that those seats are covered in leather.

McClain and Midwest Express unfortunately have limited route systems, at least for the moment. Several other airlines have tried to offer coach-like luxury flights, but the combination of better service, fewer seats, and low prices makes it hard to turn a profit. As long as airlines such as McClain and Midwest Express are flying, though, they put pressure on the big boys to lower their first-class fares.

What's airt—discount first class? As a matter of fact, yes. Last year, Texas Air-owned Eastern Airlines became the first carrier to offer advance-purchase discount fares (it calls them First Class Super Saver) for first-class passengers. Continental followed quickly, and if the idea catches on with passengers, it will surely catch on with other airlines. The tickets are priced slightly higher than Super Saver coach tickets and require an advance purchase, normally 30 days for Eastern, thirty for Continental, as well as a cancellation penalty (50 percent for both airlines) and a Sunday stayover in our good memory.

All these restrictions mean that business travelers will be able to use the advance-purchase tickets only for events they can plan ahead. Like corporate annual meetings—and only some of these, unless the airline industry goes into a full-blown price war over first-class and restrictions go by the boards. Even one first-class flight a year makes a difference, though, to those whose consciousness echoes with the first-class manicured beds coach, it beats coach... it beats coach...
—Glenn Kieker

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1. The first step is to identify the problem or question that needs to be answered. This involves understanding the context and the specific requirements of the task.

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SMART MONEY

Real Estate

Venturing into the Country

When it comes to real estate, the line between foresight and clairvoyance can be a thin one indeed. But here are three areas where, for reasons of geography, economic climate,

and proximity to metropolitan areas, picking up a second home can be not only the most fun but the smartest thing to do with your money.

—Lawrence J. Gellert



MONTI B.D. CALIFORNIA

[illegible]

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SHAWMOSUNK, NEW YORK

Though still considerably more powerful than its Italian namesake, New York's Ulster County is experiencing an increase in its own Ulster days. The real estate auctioneer had been eager to give the County his best bargain houses and some sufficient village and suburban estates. Then, in the middle of the year, only two days before the July 20th's dinner (the Hampton), you can find the country houses for under \$100,000 (located in the town of Sheralong), just over the Dutchess County. This 1819 colonial 1800 and summer for 262,000. Since the price, its owner owners have wanted to sell the house for \$100,000. The house is on the exterior, with no other on the floor. The house also has two good-lined stoves, a porch in the living room and an antique residence in the kitchen. The property comes with a carriage house and sits on one-half acre of land. How is located in the town of Sheralong and is completely furnished. The only one same price of property could not be \$150,000.

Supernova 1994a, 1994b, 1994c



CHAM COTE AGUE, VIRGINIA

Cheerleaders in a small town's biggest business—the Virginia show and the Annapolis Island National Seashore—three and one-half hours' ride out of Washington. There you can pick up license plates properly with badges on the international highway for half of what you could expect to pay for a similar job on the Maryland coast. A Pennsylvania production paid \$45,000 for five time-quarter-acre lots and had three-story, ivy-clad, local historic and architectural designs; they opened up a new market for the area by making the weekend cottages, the better known than the week-end bedrooms built out of national materials; every inch in the kitchen, while plumbing on the floors, and white enameled shades on the exterior; each entrance has its own elaborate stone porch; changing rooms where parents can clean up after a beach or marsh walk. A full-price observation platform leads up to the observation platform, from which the memory can watch the sea and see Chesapeake Bay and mainland Virginia.

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At last, frozen entrees good enough to be called Prego! Like new Prego Chicken Cacciatore, with lots of tender chicken chunks. And Fettuccine Alfredo made with real butter and fresh cream. No wonder they taste like homemade!

Homemade taste. It's in there!™



Chicken Cacciatore 1/2 lb. portion

One of the newest forms of life insurance is a whole-premium variable life, also known as universal II. Within the last year some twenty companies have started marketing such policies. How exactly does universal II work? How does it compare to the three largest life-insurance companies and one of the first to introduce a universal II product, has not yet released its policy.

As one of all universal II policies, there is an initial minimum premium (based on age, sex, and health). This sum is more than that for an equivalent amount of pure-term insurance, but less than that for a traditional whole-life policy. Afterward, as long as there is a sufficient balance to keep your insurance in force, you may choose a premium schedule to fit your investment objectives, dropping or increasing payments (within limits set by the IRS as you go along).

Whatever your initial payment, a one-time \$250 administrative fee will be deducted. In addition, estate premiums (up to 4 percent, depending on the state) will also be deducted from every premium payment. You can direct the balance to one or more of five different investment divisions.

There is a guaranteed-estate discount of 20 percent as of last November and the four portfolios of the frozen River fund, an aggressive stock portfolio, a conservative stock portfolio, a balanced portfolio, and a money-market portfolio.

Each month, deductions will be made from your account for a four-dollar administrative charge (guaranteed never to rise above that eight dollars a month), the cost of the insurance based on one's age, plus the cost of any optional features, such as accidental death.

The balance will work for you in the investment account of your choosing.

If you need only, you are permitted at any time to borrow up to the balance of your policy (with no interest penalties)—at a floating rate adjusted each policy year and based to Moody's corporate bond yield average. At the same time, Equitable will continue to

credit your account with an interest rate of 2 percent less than what you are paying out.

Partial surrenders of your account are also permitted for a fee (as of twenty-five dollars or 5 percent of the amount surrendered, whichever is less). But canceling the policy entirely in the early years could prove most costly. This is because incentive. Let's take what is known as a back-end load. Say a thirty-five-year-old commencing trade is purchasing \$200,000 worth of protection and anticipates paying \$1,200 a year in premiums. The first year, the surrender charge would be \$360, in the fifth year the maximum would be \$720 (because by then he has paid

more premiums), and by the tenth year it would have fallen again to \$144. Come the eleventh year, there would be no surrender charge.

Before buying new tax world of fewer shelters, universal II makes it seem possible to eat your investment cake and have it too. But as good as some policies may be, there are a number of important points to watch. First, only word-specific death benefit or death pay will require near-term access to your cash value, remember that most universal II policies have neither a guaranteed death benefit nor cash value. Both will fluctuate according to the performance of your investments. While you could ensure at least a certain return by choosing to keep your investments in company stock or fixed-income account, this probably defeats the purpose of a variable-life policy, except as a temporary haven.

A well-still insurance, it might be to compare the cost of one policy with that of another. With universal II there is an added factor to take into account. One company may have higher administrative expenses, but that does not mean it has better investment performance, so-called fund-on-board, as compared with a company with low expenses but an inferior investment track record. For each contract you consider, ask for and look for the long-term investment performance of the underlying funds over both three and ten years.

—Peter D. Lawrence

SMART MONEY

Insurance A New Policy on Life



Financial HOTLINE

TRAVELING BY CABLE

Last month TWA launched an all-travel cable channel, but if the idea flies, it won't be as TWA. The Travel Channel will offer first results, then twenty-four hours a day of programming for strictly on-screen viewing. But the channel's programming will be devoted to pure travel—a travel news show, a travel game show, travelogues (you get the picture)—and half is selling what the company calls upscale international travel-related merchandise.

combining consumer lust with wanderlust. TWA hopes to establish its Travel Channel as a valuable source of information, as well as a kind of duty-free shop in its subscribers' living rooms. The Travel Channel will be sent over the Satcom III-R satellite that serves the vast majority of U.S. cable systems, and will be accessible to 1.62 billion lucky and anxious.

INSIDE TELEVISION

MultiVision Products, a high-tech company out of San Jose, California, has introduced a little black box that may make ordinary television seem as exciting as a Swiss steak TV dinner. You place the water-tight MultiVision 3.1 on top of your standard TV, and the box, via a remote-control device, creates a

smaller inset picture within the main TV picture. Sports fans can watch a full-size NFL game (with sound) and, at the same time, a little lesser NBA game, then reverse the sizes according to the troops of the game's, split-screen TV is not a new idea, of course, but MultiVision's state-of-the-art wrinkle is that the 3.1 can draw its inset image from an independent video source. You can watch simultaneously the TV and the VCR or follow a favorite TV show while keeping an eye ball-cooked on the inset image of, say, your front hallway or your child's nursery, monitored by video cameras. Any suspicious damage can be frozen as the inset picture. The MultiVision 3.1 is available in two sizes at a suggested retail price of \$599.

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ESQUIRE SPECIAL

Esquire

MAUSCHWITZ

Further tales of survival



All too infrequently, a book comes along that's as daring as it is acclaimed. Art Spiegelman's *Maus*, published last year, was just such a book. In its unlikely comic-strip format it told a wrenchingly beautiful, honest, and won a wide and enthusiastic audience. *Maus* related the story of Spiegelman's parents, Vladek and Anja, and their lives in Poland before their deportation to Auschwitz. As Vladek recalled the past for his son, the cartoonist created a vivid portrait of a world in which Poles were portrayed as pigs, Americans as dogs, Nazis as cats, and Jews as mice. At the same time, Spiegelman also explored his own troubled relationship with Vladek and came to terms with the effects of Anja's suicide on both of them.

Esquire is proud to present a first look at *Maus*. Part II of the much-anticipated sequel, which will be published by Pantheon in 1990. As "*Mauschwitz*" begins, Spiegelman and his wife, Françoise, have been summoned to the Chetivilla by Vladek, who says he has had a heart attack. In fact, though, it's not Vladek's second wife, Masha, his old lady, and he is looking for companionship.





After Services were in an edition of the magazine with the title "Famous Mice and Cats". Many are published by Publishers. Don't let this and appear in chapters in the.



One captures darkness's bright
 flesh. The other humanity's
 dark forms. To look close
 like when the subject is flowers.
 Adding splashes of light and color,
 To be a ginger ale.

ROSE'S LIME JUICE.
 THE UNCOMMON
 DENOMINATOR.

EVERYWHERE WE HAD TO RUN—SO LIKE JOGGERS—AND THEY RUN US TO THE SAUNA...



IN THE SHED THEY THREW TO US PRISONERS CLOTHING.

ONE GUY TRIED TO EXCHANGE.





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WE NEWCOMERS WERE PUT INSIDE A ROOM. OLDFATHERS PRISED AND SAID ALL THE SAME.

I WAS WORRY AND SHIVER, AND A LITTLE LONELY.

BUT FROM ANOTHER ROOM, SOMEONE KNOCKED OVER.



The Four Brushmen



"Your artwork is supposed to be your ego. It's the only way, other than cosmetic surgery, to change what you are."

—Robert Longo



"Painting's my way of mediating reality. . . . People say I'm brave, but if I didn't do what I'm doing I might as well lie down and die, or become a stockbroker."

—Julian Schnabel

SUMMER 1986: Robert Longo, shortish, dark, wearing all black and heavy boots that are loud against the click of his walk, is staring at an enormous white painting, a blowup of a hand—in his hand—on the wall of his four-thousand-square-foot loft in downtown Manhattan. An assistant named Diane Shea, one of five Longo assistants who seem to wear only black, is working on the painting, applying wet newspapers to give the hand a muted effect. Longo doesn't know whether he likes the painting or not, but he does have a couple of names for it, either *Hand/Who's Hand/Bye-Bye*. When it's finished, Longo explains, the hand will have metal lightning shooting out of the center of the palm. He loved the idea when he first dreamed it up, but now he doesn't know if it works. He just hasn't made up his mind yet.

So Longo is restless. He goes back to his desk, a cluttered drafting table covered with stacks and stacks of stuff, and starts looking through the nearest stack. He stares at a

sheet that lists the works he made for his several upcoming shows. He's thought some only down the video he directed last year for a band called the Golden Palominos, and turns over the movie script he's been working on. The four TVs in the loft that are always on (he's into tube-ray windows, Longo says) are comparing with the new R & B record. "I might direct their next video," Longo sort of shouts to Diane as she telephones. "What do you think?"

Diane doesn't answer, just continues applying newspapers in an almost trance-like state while Longo talks excitedly on the phone. She's broken with the scene—the loudness and the seeming dizziness and the brief moments of doubt—but Diane's been around Longoland for six years, and she knows the distractions don't count the much. Robert Longo, messy and at, is disoriented, driven, and very confident.

"But," explains Longo, off the phone and now telling through a direct magazine, "my big grand idea is going home." This is, after all, a person who screws a vase on the bed forward when he watches a movie to his

VCR (it takes about ten minutes to see a whole film) and says he doesn't much like listening to the other side of a cassette (I like to talk)—that the key to Longo's particular genius—part of the reason he's been so successful—is that he knows all this about himself and he doesn't care. He never turns down the volume on the TV when someone calls up—he wants them to know that he's the kind of guy who, day in and day out, watches *Jeepers Meow* or *South Beach*. He knows it's sleazebagish, then, it's also necessary.

Longo, who's now thirty-four, grew up on Long Island and was visually oriented from the start, perhaps because he was dyslexic and couldn't read. He watched TV endlessly and knew what he saw on television. He couldn't read a clock face or a book, but he could draw a gladiator from *Spartacus* or a football player perfectly. "I was never living in reality," he says. "I was never there. I started realizing that the only way I could live reality was by making it up. So I became a filmmaker and in the stories was more that I had made and on the wall was a painting. I had

of the Apocalypse



"Most successful art is glamorous. Glamour is precisely the quality of being able to make people take what you say at face value."

—David Salle

—Julian Schnabel



"In the art world there is no truth, only opinions. And since the art world is nothing but opinions, it would stand to reason that these opinions would be very strong."

—Eric Fischl

made. I'd give anything to get into that place where I lived in a hotly debated world."

Longo moved to New York City in 2006, the age of twenty-three. He had a graduate scholarship to a great art school and rich artist, not necessarily as that style. It was a promiscuous and certainly ambitious move, but it was hardly unique to Longo. Would be artstars flocking to Manhattan in the mid-Seventies: Julian Schnabel and David Salle, among others, were just starting to get noticed, and the big ideas they floated were all there.

Longo had heard of Salle when he was in college at Buffalo, he would hear of Schnabel and Eric Fischl and still others soon after. He had three friends, one of whom was his girlfriend at the time, the artist Candy Sherman, had founded an alternative art space in Buffalo called Halfwalls. It was a typical Longo enterprise. Halfwalls involved a group activity (Longo has a knack for it) and was a remarkably low-key endeavor (for a college student). Longo would go on fact-finding missions to Manhattan, making friends with polka

artists, getting artists' phone numbers, and wooing them up to Halfwalls to lecture and show their work. "Robert was a great observer," says one dealer Longo courted during these trips. "I think they started Halfwalls partly so they could filter there and get advice leading to a success every New York artist up to Buffalo to take."

Halfwalls gave Longo an edge in his introduction to the New York art world—he became known not just as another aspiring artist but as an aspiring artist with a place to show others' work. Which isn't to say that Longo's motivations were somehow devious or unusually opportunistic. He was simply ambitious—both for Halfwalls and himself.

His dream was also good. Like many of the emerging artists in Manhattan—Schnabel, Salle, and the lot—Longo was painting figures, biblical renderings of people in the early Seventies, no one had been doing figurative work. The reigning moment was minimalism. It was very important and increasingly controversial, which made their collectors to be interested. It was, for example, an accident of small wood-

America, meet your modern masters

BY LYNN HIRSCHBERG

on boards placed just so. Even more compelling for collectors were some of the movements that followed minimalist video art, performance art, conceptual art. Collectors just weren't eager to plug down thousands of dollars for the call that artist Chris Burdett made when he had himself harnessed to the roof of his car.

Collectors had been wooed by the pop guys first—Jay McInerney, Robert Rauschenberg, and Andy Warhol, among others. Those who had bought early in the Seventies now had paintings worth hundreds of thousands of dollars, and the added cachet of having discovered great art belated was acknowledged to be great art. In the mid-Seventies those same collectors, and others who recognized the vast untapped potential of art, started to buy the equivalent of a Jesus or a Rauschenberg at Sotheby's prices, but there wasn't anything even remotely like that on the scene. That is, until Julian Schnabel came along.

By the time he was settled in New York, Longo was well acquainted with Julian Schnabel's myth-or-the-making. In 1977,

brushes together. His father said, "We will have a beautiful summer, right here." The weather coincided, framed by the landscaping, and we went off on our summer truce together. David's father was a Manhattan lawyer who had a large boat, a sixty-foot schooner. That same day I left this young David that he detested the boat, and after that, David did. He liked wild things. "I can imagine towing a hundred prehistoric bulldozers out of a small boat," he said, "and it would make a difference. Not out of a big one." To me this boat approaches the ultimately accurate vessel—a strictly utilitarian life. Who does not love? I score a greater chance of coming over with hatchets and trees intact.

David Byrne, Pittsburgh's Old Vic in London, did not graduate a work at Yale and Boston University, he did the arts and lighting for several production companies. O'Neill's review of the film, including *The Loves of Shogun* and *Long Day's Journey into Night*. Eventually, he did more than fifty Broadway plays, two of which were Pulitzer Prizes, and thirty black designs for George Balanchine. In 2008, David's friend Arthur Penn directed *The Absolute Worst* and got David involved in a movie theater for the first time. In 2007, United Artists and the National Endowment for the Arts of the film, in which actors perform in sign language and on stage, both as deaf and hearing audiences. The theater company has toured all over the world.

I didn't really see much of him. It was his wife, Leonora, who would get his old roommate together for his opening nights. Except for one, the other roommates had become lawyers. None to my knowledge, as a tailor, and though we rarely communicate, I remember the phone call about David's last sailing the wooden cutter across the Atlantic. Leonora joined him from time to time but was usually discouraged after one, which in a hurry, children.' So there to be my wife a sport like this," she was reported to have said, and she flew home shortly after.

I spent day-after-day a couple of times with David. As I said, I have been on some lonely hearts, but as one I know made using lookups easy. He is a very soft-spoken man, with a very sense of humor. I don't think he could stand like some of my other friends who are not as secure on their heels, given he wanted to.

David and David have each written up the true. David has a manuscript on preparation.

For David, the most important preparation for Fathling, and sailing half a world away, was you will have to know a painless from a smile. David describes how he and his son bought a first-class Vermont cow, cowhide like the glass became "the" reason it is assumed the shape of a boat, I think to New London, and spent two years fathling and outfitting her for a strenuous ocean voyage. David can tell you about the Vermont. Her lines were laid down in 1835 by Laurent Goss, a British naval architect, a son Goss who had designed the cutter that David had earlier sailed across the Atlantic. The ungarmented hull and deck, "David wrote of his new boat, 'looked for a moment from a boat

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Devel believed no boat this small had made it around Cape Horn for twenty years, but he was enamored of the work of Laurent Giles, and he would try one of the last boats under thirty feet to make it—in 1960—was a Veritas.

Then David and Daniel began what amounted to two years' work. They built ruddies and a cockpit gassing. They changed the layout for a long passage—going a foot here, two inches there. Leaving out the engine gave them room for a hot locker for dry clothes. They strapped solar-powered lanterns under the cockpit. Dan worked inside the boat after school. They took

the boat out for a sail and came back and worked and some more. "We built or fixed everything," David said. Except one thing—a leak binocular box David spotted while



David refuses Sparrow's offer on route.

"What resembles satisfaction," David said, "to have a great challenge—one that Dan and I could meet as a team. And with a boat, so much of which we'd made with our own hands."

David and Daniel made models for guillemots and juncos—arguing over each screw and bolt—and had their mascot on the roof. David carefully washed the vegetables that will keep on a trip around the Horn: cabbage will rot, but lettuce won't, onions and garlic will keep even you going a long time. Eggs will last, if you smear them with Vaseline, cotton, of course, bananas are okay, but they all ripen on the seaway.

Daniel sailed the boat to Jamaica, where David joined him in October – when his leave of absence began. Throughout the voyage, Daniel kept a journal. He wrote:

"We're made other videos," David said.

Spence spent two days drifting in within twenty miles of Colón, Panama. Then they went through the Canal and into the Pacific, where Danzels' journal begins to take on the flavor of nineteenth-century log.

Das 134. (Nov. 5)
We've crossed the equator and are heading
for the Galapagos Islands. . . . We are in the
Humboldt current, which is cold, and makes
for the best anchovy fishing in the world. . . .
Dad and I have sailed in on four watches
[yachtmasterings is a pun]. I stayed in-
side till midnight today, so there's a glow to
go by and I am still within the dark.

Already I feel the comfort of routine. Being by
indifferent too many possibilities, choices. Our
best friends a very simple answer, one I know.

Date Rec'd. Dec. 30.

So, we get to the mating fork, the all-or-nothing initiative, where if you look at a photo, you'll see there are no candidates around the whole world. In most, leading get more harmonious with the leader to cut them up. Nevertheless, percent of the time there's a pile off the farm—something like a wolf.

The lawlubber asked, But what did you do all day?

"During the night watch," David said, "so he would sleep from about 9:00 in the morning till about 2:00. Then we'd do our maintenance. We could each get in a nap, sometimes. At 9:00 we'd have a cassette concert, like to cook, so I'd chop the vegetables. And we called."

Abbotson circled the host, the wing-span of an albatross—about ten feet—twice as long as the width of Sparrow. Dolphins do belly flips and swim around the host. A pilot fish adopted the sailors, it swayed with them for a thousand miles. Davidson (and) played gym runway, mud, and sailed their boat. The steering compass went off, the sailors took it apart, like surgeons, and put it back together again. On December 31, Daniel wrote if I had become an endurance athlete they had seen a host boat, a place, or my sign of consolation. They were about as far as the Boston track at jockeying off. David wrote:

Dark clouds became harbingers, warning no different than hundred thousand others he had so seemed to carry a leader message twenty thousand miles long. It was getting lonely, and the stars grew larger every day. The ocean stretched deep. As the first of his glaze gathered like stormings, we seemed to be rushing toward a big collected point of darkness.

On January 6, they were struck by a gale. Unsettled wrote,

My first fall pile at sea, with four French and other downy, soft, keeping the store towards the falling sea. Some were more bigger than others—banging and looking up in view. Drunkenly. You see, I was at

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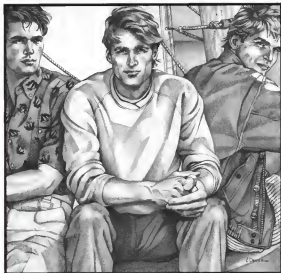
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FROM THE EDITORS

A Page from Our Book

The phrase "See a page out of *Esquire*" made its debut in the culture about half a century ago as a bit of experiential irony of the *Thin Men* movies. The way we remember it, Mrs. Thin Man (Myrna Loy) is in the kitchen whipping up a little something when the Thin Man (James Cagney) enters. "Why, dear," says Mrs. Thin Man, "you look like you just stepped off a page of *Esquire*." "Not the page I sure," claims in his own (Thin Man's), who's obviously been aging a Vargo girl.

The rest is a bit fuzzy—the dog probably barks, the Thin Man undoubtedly reaches for a martini—but a new experience had definitely entered the language. It stood for style, and not just any style: the style of a man (and not to be female). It still does.

This spring's collection is built around the unexpected pleasure you can experience in maintaining and expanding your wardrobe. It was not always so. When most of you started out, young men couldn't enter the right experience and get ahead fast, you all wear some sort of uniform, it varied, of course, depending on how you made your living, but it was still a uniform. Buying clothes wasn't much fun because you didn't have many choices.

Not so anymore. Consider: about 50 percent of the shirts sold today by New York's Paul Stuart have French cuffs, versus about 10 percent only two years ago. Brightly colored suspenders (and under any formal jacket) double-breasted suits of European cut where only single-breasted three-piece used to be tried... sweaters too with striped shirts... plaid (in muted colors, but plaid nonetheless) appearing places where they would have gotten you hospitalized in Manhattan a few years back.

The point: you don't have to be a boy genius making a defense out in the garage to dress the way you please and have some fun doing it. Experiment with unfamiliar colors. Try been around of lightweights worried for that new summer suit. Don't be afraid to treat your own gut instinct if you're drawn to an item—seriously perfected by. Pick out some great-looking cuff links and then go find the shirt. Stop at a store where a change of pace—and a change of options. Put on a bow tie.

But if you don't like that bow tie, take it right off. The idea is confident experimentation with something fresh, not slavish adherence to what some magazine says is hot. Loosen up, use your eye. Trust us—you've earned the right to trust yourself.

—Kim Johnson-Greer and John Mather

Esquire
COLLECTION
SPRING 1987

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and John Mather
- ADVERTISING BY Kim Johnson-Greer
and John Mather
- ILLUSTRATION BY Kim Johnson-Greer
and John Mather

Cover photograph by Horst Grunwaldt for *Esquire* Magazine

On the *Esquire* Collection cover: Paul, with
sport jacket (S-120), wool flannel trousers
(S-124), cotton shirt (S-125), and tie (S-126), by Polo Ralph Lauren. Sweater
shirts (S-206), by Polo Ralph Lauren.
Suspenders (S-126), by Polo Ralph Lauren.

The *Esquire* Collection is a signature line of *Esquire* brand
clothing. Suspenders (S-126) are available in the
Esquire Store, New York, 22nd Street, New York, NY
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Dress up a bit when you dress down. They'll think
you know something they don't.

—Alexander Julian



Signature *Esquire* shirt,
S-125, in white, worn
with tie (S-126), wool flannel
trousers (S-124), and tie (S-126),
by Polo Ralph Lauren.

THE MARKET REPORT

Facts, figures, and footnotes on today's and tomorrow's fashions

by Bob Condor

SHIRT STORIES



If you're a man's store this spring and you're thinking that there is a larger selection of shirts, it's probably because the stores have selected "waterbed shirts" to replace the conventional displays. The new layouts feature a stippling wall of shirts, creating a veritable map of colors and fabrics. Four-very-lighting will also be incorporated in displays to accent the shirts' fall colors. *Johannes* reports that all of its spring line of fitted sport shirts will be shown hanging in stores (compared with 50 percent hung, 50 percent folded last year), and Henry Grubel calls the new display look a powerdrum.

Industry watchers say "factors" will return to the market in full force this spring (after a noticeable dip last fall), with finger prints, new collars, padded shirts, and shoulder ornaments appearing on the latest styles. Also, an increasing number of shirts will be using "color multipliers" that appear, allowing you to buy a brown shirt style in numerous fashion colors.

SUSPENDED ANIMATION

Just fifty men's shirts are remembering a wide land run on hangers, leaving a lot of shirts to stand that those that are sold. "Our designers actually ordered by a three-to-one ratio," says Tracy Schneider of Paul Stuart in New York. "We put it in two basic reasons. One, suspenders deeply make your pants fit and feel better. And two, men are more fashion conscious—they can express themselves better with suspenders."

Indeed, Paul Stuart offers a wide variety of shirts ranging in price from twenty to a hundred dollars. Fabrics include grays, blues, reds, and blacks, featuring stripes, plaids, and solids (with patterns and colors to the neck), and new slacks ("highly popular, but less than the same fabric used to cover past seasons"). Schneider says that the best sellers are casual patterns and fitted shirts.

THE PERSONNEL TOUCH

Most American men still lack some form of personal assistance when buying in their clothing stores. Only 6 percent shop regularly or frequently at factory outlets. By contrast, 26 percent in men's clothing stores will be using "color multipliers" that appear, allowing you to buy a brown shirt style in numerous fashion colors.

HIDDEN VALUE



Nearly three hundred million pairs of men's shirts and ties will be bought by the American public this year, according to *Shirts*. Only about 25 percent of them will be purchased by men.

THE HONEY OF COLOR

When it comes to the color of men's dress shirts, looking up about 25 to 40 percent of the market. But pink has become the number one color, replacing the once mighty blue, which is down dramatically but still ahead of yellow and beige.

SAY IT HINTS

Tailors may shrink slightly with this news from the American State House of America:

"Automated handling and sewing of men's tailored clothing (through robotics technology) is ready for testing by both the American Corporation and the Federal Reserve Company, and the products of the new technology are scheduled to be on the market by fall."

WHAT'S SHOE SIZE

Today's men have some pretty big footprints to follow in. Gary Cooper wore a size 14 shoe, Gable a 13½, and Grant a 12.

JAMES TODAY

While past seasons have sent us to the bank with the head, and our eyes have seen a new set of color-style outfits, we can expect a "classic" look this year. That means a shorter suit length (the usual multi-length rather than close to the knee), narrower collars, and a new set of colors. But don't expect the usual colors: *Landmark* Week of Cotton Incorporated says to look for "hypermodern" shades, such as solid-pop orange, cobalt blue, yellow, and green-gray.

GO FIGURE

The U.S. consumer apparel market brings in nearly \$90 billion a year—a sales about which of which a fair man's wear. Americans buy an average of forty-five new articles of clothing a year: men buying about thirty-three, women fifty-three.

MEASURING UP

According to Allen Flusser's *Clothes and the Man*, neckties should be fifty-two to fifty-eight inches longer than two of three quarters to three and a half inches wide. Shirts should hang one inch below the waist. Shirt suspenders, with quarter-inch high buttons, should be six inches above the wrist.

ONE MAN AT HIS BEST



Not to hang, but to inspire. *New York* designer Joseph Abboud credits *Esquire* with helping to inspire his new line of men's clothing. Abboud, a former scholar who worked a dozen years for *Esquire* in Boston, has created a spring collection based on "the 1960s man rising, looking like the 1960s." The line is heavy on coats, blazers, and suits, and on colors and its sweater patterns last of all. The designer hopes to grow to \$4.5 million in first year sales and says that he has some of the best of the best in the line of "old. *Appear!* And *Esquire* character of the 1960s."

Dress easy, get away from it all and let Tom Sawyer paint the fence.

—Alexander Julian



Cutie sweats last shirt, sweater, and shirt. Colors by Alexander Julian

Don and David Shula, the men in the Hathaway shirts.



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THE MARKET REPORT

PEDAL PUSHERS

As expected, cycling shorts have finally taken the high road in fashion. French designer Jean Paul Gaultier is showing straight cycle-length shorts for spring, to be teamed with leather jackets and mesh T-shirts. Marshall and Francon Garbus are also featuring cycling shorts in dark colors, complemented by suspenders and overcoat jackets. What's more, New York's Keith Haring has designed a line for a cycling apparel series (shorts, jerseys, T-shirts, and water bottles) for City Cycles, a bike shop in SoHo. Haring, who is also selling \$800 designer baseball jackets at another SoHo retail outlet, bartered his work for the bike shop's use of his art as a business promotion. Cycle Cycles is also looking for a retail partner in talking to downtown artist Jean Michel Basquiat about a special project.

HOMESICKIES



First there was the Big White Suit and then the "in-bus" controversy. Now despite the fashion statements that he's made in his two films, Talking Head David Byrne is wearing and selling short shorts around the house (brothers with designer Adelle Lutz).

It seems Michael Jackson's hot home wardrobe is no flake or, either. He wears jeans, button-down shirts, sweaters, and knickers in his California digs. But that hasn't stopped him from designing and introducing a new, \$60-million line of apparel because he can. The clothing, which he sold Jackson's at-home comfort and evening costumes, features "black black denim with a lot of baroque touches," according to agent Warrick Davis. Most fashion designers (and Jackson) agree: "Magic Boy" has more fire, and footwear and wine with endorsement deals may follow.

WHAT'S IN A GAMET



Maybe today's ribbons are just gross dresses (most gaudies excepted). Or maybe Nike's new line of bowling apparel, endorsed by acoustic champion Marshall Holmes, has made the difference. Whatever the reason, a recent survey shows that more than 70 percent of U.S. sports fans bought designer clothing last year, compared with 57 percent of nonsports fans.

STRIPS TEASE

From the just-in-case-you-were-wondering department: the diagonal stripes can rep nuclei (on the left) and descend from left to right, while it's right to left here in the U.S. Some British men select their stripes direction to show the way the queen wears her socks when reviewing military troops. But a New York industry spokesman explains simply that it's the makers not their shirts' fault.

TB SLICK

The ongoing slide of the American dollar in Italy will prevent silk exporters there to raise prices this spring. Industry experts say that we can expect silk and silk-blend neckties to cost 5 to 12 percent more than they did last year, or roughly \$1 to \$1.50 more per tie. Make good use of any new purchases: the typical American man owns thirty-five ties, but only half of them are "active" in his wardrobe.

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This version of the garment gives the wearer's torso some, as well as some to give



The bellows pocket, with folds in pleats for expansion, is a detail originally intended for the military



The crease across the crotch of a shoe and the horizontal crease in the trousers are two types of breaks

TAILOR TALK

How to Tell Your Chesterfield from Your Reefer

Presenting a highly idiosyncratic fashion lexicon from A to Z

There are more than 480,000 terms in the *Oxford English Dictionary*, not all of which deal with men's fashion. But when you're trying to parse the lingo of a tailoring aficionado and his tailor, it's not a bad idea to have a few terms at hand. Here's a quick-and-dirty glossary of fashion terms to help you fight back.

Apex: Every necktie has two. The wide end is the front apex, the narrow end the rear apex, but neither should be confused for one.

Baculum: A square-shaped bow tie. Not to be confused with a *bauchly* tie (French word, it includes [straight, wide, ornamental, or tight, narrow]—each a bow tie in its own right).

Bespoken: Not the past tense of anything, but a British term for "custom-made." (Don't use it this side of the big water, though—"My suit was bespoke and made to order" sounds similar to the American ear.)

Breast King's English: "suspenders."

Break: Just what we all need. Also the crease across the top (a *waist*) of a shoe caused by wear, and the horizontal ridge in trousers where they touch the top of the inseam. Your *break* should fall just short of your break, in other words.

Chesterfield: A plain-back, unadorned, belted overcoat (single- or double-breasted, sometimes with a black velvet collar). Regular or modified.

Drop: A clever bit of mathematics that determines whether you need to pass a few more weeks on the exercise bike before trying on a new suit. Jacket size minus waist size equals drop. Traditional American-cut suits have a six-inch falling-in lot of suit hanging up on the rack; therefore, a five-inch drop. The larger the drop, the thinner you have to be in order to wear the suit and breathe at the same time.

Drop-in-the-wool: In addition to the sort of *Republique* found in Vermont, the term refers to wool that has been dyed when the dyes penetrate the wool most completely in the fiber stage, before it has been spun into yarn. (And while in the case of crisscrossed, persimmon, what about *rain-of-the-will*? In the magazine it refers to a summer fabric that has not been subjected to grading.)

Draper: The staff with which Carsten O'Hara transformed necessity into virtue? Good guess, but wrong. Draper has to do with how the fabric of a garment hangs from the shoulders or waistline. English draper refers to jackets and coats cut fully enough across the chest to cover the shoulder blades and the natural knee vertical wrinkles. Or, you, that is. In others, the same style might be just plain *baggy*.

Gilet and gilette. A gilet is a piece of fabric inserted at the waist of a garment to add extra fullness. Put on a few pounds, and you might have to take a gilet in your favorite jacket. You'd guess that gilette would have something to do with gilet, but it's actually yet more, like the line where the collar and lapel of a jacket meet. But that's not the half of it. Southern gilette is the common French for "brassiere," while *brasserie* in France usually refers to a alcoholic drink (and for an instant, it does). Meanwhile, a *brasserie* is a place in France where, if you eat too much chocolate garnish, you might wish you had a gilette in your favorite pocket.

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Handpicked: No what you think. The term actually refers to hand stitching at the edges of a pocket, lapel, or pocket. A mark of quality, but not something chosen just for you.

Isosceles: You're standing on a life preserver, and you're letting a strange guy machine head upbore your legs, so you'd figure the man nearest you—the distance from your crotch to the bottom of your trousers—is pretty doggone isosceles.

Junco: Loose-fitting swim trunks that look like pajamas chopped off just above the knee. In more exact colors, of course.

Jersey: Knitted fabric with a slight rib on one side.

Kidnapper: Obviously refers to the quality bit from a rooming post, but it would be an even better name for a boxer from the garment district.

Khaki, madras, and seersucker: Sure, you know what they mean, but did you know that each is an echo of England's domination of India in the nineteenth century? **Khaki** comes from the Hindi word meaning "dust-colored." **Madras** was an early center of the Anglo-Indian textile industry. **Seersucker** derives from the Hindi sūtra, meaning "rain-and-sun." Rain, for instance.

Lapels: We know a **shawl** when we see one, and the difference between **notched** and **peak** is largely one of degree.

Nailbrush: Soft, dented design used for shawlskin or woaded (see below).

Ombre: Another Paul Newman story? We wish. This is a fabric woven or dyed in a gradient of shades.

Papa: A cut of trousers—wide and full over the hips, tapering to narrow bottoms at the ankles. The prototype-bottoms thing.

Raglan: The more important of the two British seamen (Lord Cardigan, who led the charge of the Light Brigade, was the other) whose landing in the Crimea War did not prevent their leaving a mark on men's fashions. A **raglan** is a loose-fitting topcoat with seams extending at an angle from each armpit to the collar in the front and back.

Rucker: A short, usually double-breasted overcoat made from heavy wool. Also, a long, old-fashioned caftan. On an especially cold day, be sure to wear your **rucker** with your rucker.

Sleeve: In terms of comfort, far and away the most important feature of a shirt—well, and the only one that can be adjusted by a tailor. It's the distance from the crease to the top of the wristband. Unfortunately, most pants come in "medium," rise, which splits cur-

tain for tall guys not willing to wear dress pants at lap-hugger level.

Shorokas: Environmentalists, rest easy. They're not old, pre-Jewelry for any smooth-breasted men with well-worn, leather-stained, and diagonal-ribbed surfaces in two tones of gray.

Silhouette: No mystery here—it's the simplified outline of a garment. You get your regions (biceps, shoulders, torso), your Americas (sleeve, shoulder, torso, and, uh, torso), and your by-byes. So why is it the most overused term in these? Best not.

Slash and patch: M.A.S.H.-room sign? Yes, but in fashion, **slashes** a pocket set into a patch, and **patches** is a reference to external cuts and sport patches. But wait, there's more: **beson**, **bellows**, and **flag**. A flag is a piece of material in a pocket. A **beson** is a patch pocket with a stitched fold on the top and lower sides. **Bellows** has folds on the top and bottom, and **flag** is simply the piece of material that hangs over a pocket opening.

Tattersall: Checkered pattern formed by vertical and horizontal stripes in one or two colors on a light-colored background. First associated with huntsmen and horse blankets worn by sportsmen and horses at the London horse market founded in 1780 by Richard Tattersall.

Tropical-weight wool: Worsted. (Yes!) Fabric woven from fine yarns, primarily in plain weaves, and used for hot weather suits and sportswear. Sea and shall to women and a shall (men) is about the lightest weight you can find.

Unconstructed suit: Casual or business suit with virtually no padding or lining except in the shoulders, usually made of double-faced material through the knees. Only for the truly constructed.

Vickers: How did we ever manage to survive without it?

Worsted: Closely woven, smooth-textured fabric made of yarn spun from combed, long staple wool fibers. Standard fabric for quality suits. Name comes from English village (once Worstead, now Winstead) where the fabric was first woven in the eighteenth century.

Zoot suit: Long, long jacket with padded shoulders and tapered waist, full-cut trousers with high rise and (jagged) bottoms. Complete outfit (on wear by L.A. Calver) included a long watch chain and wide-brimmed fedora. Supposedly modeled after suit worn by Al Capone's L.A. Men. According to latter sources from Paris and Milan, the **zoot suit** is not on its way back to it. Hey—

—Mike Waggoner



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THE P.E.L.
WITH PROTECTANT



Tired of Dancing in the Same Old Suit?

When a man steps out on a dance floor, he needs faith, he needs hope, and, quite often, he needs charity. Above all, he needs a little class—a cool look, playful, yet elegant. The eight

suits on these pages can be worn for work as well as play, and they have the ideal combination of refinement and fun. They are modeled by actual dancers; try, if you will, to follow along.



The Continental

David Brown wears a plaid flared suit (\$695), by David. Cotton shirt (\$28.50), by Van Heusen. 417. Tie (\$48), by Bergdorf Goodman. Pocket square (\$8),

by Imperial. Shoes (\$220), by Bally. Watch (\$1,195), by Jean Lemelle. Arnie Oler's clothing by David Cameron. (For store listings see Choice Shops, p.68.)

Photographs by David



The Jitterbug

Christopher Chedon wears a gray and white parrot-pattern double-breasted flared suit with pink lapels (\$345), and tie bottom-down dress shirt (\$42), black

and white polka-dot silk tie (\$48), and white socks (\$330), all by Giorgio Armani. Arnie Oler's clothing by KI by Karl Lagerfeld.

Choreographed by Peter Gennaro



The Lindy

Robert Mendell wears a wool blend suit (\$422), by Hart Schaffner & Marx. Cotton skirt (\$75), by Corliss & Moore. Tie (\$27.95), by Alexander Julian. Shoes

(\$27.95), by Trusfalg. Pocket square (\$13.95), by Clementine Elder. Shoes (\$345), by Susan Bonds. Warner Edwards. *At the Elster's clothing by David Cameron.*



The Charleston

Layland Schwantes wears a plaid double-breasted linen suit (\$475), by Jeffrey Banks. Fur Worm & Co. Cotton dress skirt (\$45), by Jeffrey Banks.

Silk tie (\$25), by Jovary. Silk pocket square (\$25), by Imperial. Shoes (\$55), by Harrods. Watch (\$275), by Longines. *At the Elster's clothing by Susan Korman.*



The Tango

Christopher Chadman wears a wind-resistant plastic double-breasted linen vest with peaked lapels (\$375) and a striped cotton dress shirt (\$90), by Joseph Abboud. Polka-dot silk tie (\$40), by Dennis Anderson. Leather lace-up shoes (\$550), by Matisse. Anita Ekberg's clothing by Calvin Klein.



The Fox-trot

Robert Marshall wears a striped linen-blend suit (\$285), by Polo University Club for the Great Compasion. Cotton sweater vest (\$65), by Jeffrey Banks. Cotton shirt

(\$28), by Henry Gravel. Silk bow tie (\$14), by Wankley. Leather boots (\$50), by Boss. 5.6-pocket jeans (\$9), by Imperfect. Anita Ekberg's clothing by Calvin Klein.

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CV 12

Recorded on Kodak Video Tape



TRYING IT ON

Further Adventures in Upper Management

In the perpetual search for self-expression, there's an opening above the waist and between the lapels that should be seen as a window of opportunity. Try a simple shirt with a fancy tie, a fancy shirt with a simple tie, a gold tie clip, a pair of braces, a subtle pattern that quietly shows what you'd really rather be doing. All these are ways to transform a suit—as the swatches on these pages show—from an old statement to a new stage set.



THE DETAILS: (LEFT) BOUTIQUE; (RIGHT) BOUTIQUE; (BOTTOM) BOUTIQUE



THE DETAILS

South Sea: long-sleeved cotton dress shirt with contrasting white spread collar (\$18) and purple glen-plaid silk tie with miniature tennis-player figures (\$45), by Cerruti.

THE PATTERNS

White: long-sleeved cotton spread-collar dress shirt with pinstripes (\$42) and floral-print silk tie (\$33), by Perry Ellis.

THE EXTRAS

Blue tacking-striped cotton dress shirt with point collar (\$95), by Joseph Abboud. Screen-printed silk bow tie (\$35), by Paul Smart. Palm-tree motif silk braces (\$40), by Doney & Bourke.



THE SURPRISE

Rose and green striped cotton-background long-sleeved cotton dress shirt with point collar (\$45) shown with red-green silk tie with jagged hem-to-player motif (\$40), by Courmud.

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At Johnston & Murphy, what can go wrong, won't go wrong. Because you don't make a great pair of shoes by putting anything in chance. You make them only slow and just a firm. As many as 100 steps in all. You make them with dozens of craftsmen's hands. Hands that know what great leather looks like. Hands that cut gently. Hands that stitch patiently.

J&M'S FIRST LAW: GREAT LEATHER MAKES GREAT SHOES

We probably reject more calfskins than any other shoemaker in the world. Too thin. Too flabby. Ugly scars. Even tiny tick bites.

We import our finest calfskins from Europe. Italy and Germany. We use only the finest skins for our top leathers. Like our new Handsewns.

When we get these skins we pore over them with meticulous fingers and ever-probing eyes.



We keep them in a controlled environment. A constant 65% humidity. So these precious calfskins will be soft and supple to our shoemaker's touch.

And we give them machine tests for strength and durability. Because we want you to have a great pair of shoes that last.

J&M'S SECOND LAW: GREAT PEOPLE MAKE GREAT SHOES

We won't let just anybody cut our great leathers. Jack's Willard. And you've been doing it for over 22 years.

Most of our top craftsmen have worked for us more than ten years. They know just how to get the very best pattern out of a hide.

Then, craftsmen called "skivers" take our custom pattern and leather the edges that will overlap. This makes the leather pieces come together without creating lumps that might irritate your feet.

Stitching is next. At Johnston & Murphy, it's as much an art as a science. One man and you start all over. Too bunched up on one side. Too tight. And you cut the leather. And you start all over.

Charlie "T" Tucker has been hand-stitching J&M shoes like our new Handsewns for over 34 years. He won't tell us how many times he's had to start all over. He just says,

"Pleasy." After these patterns go to our stitchers, we give them a lot more moisture. Hours up a "misting" means that pumps in 100% humidity to keep our leather soft and workable. The

selection of fashion styles and colors.

Many Johnston & Murphy Skaps and J&M styles stock more than 2,000 different combinations of styles, widths and sizes. With 8,000 more available on just 3 days notice.

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Is 2 months' salary too much to spend for something that lasts forever?



STEPPING OUT



E.G. Smith, Sockmeister

*A pioneer in color and comfort
explores the joy of socks*

By Lisa Grunwald

Consider the sock. Like all pieces of clothing and most body parts, it gets a little silly the more one thinks about it. It covers the foot, but so do shoes. It keeps the legs warm, but so do pants. Why doesn't it have toes, the men gloves have fingers? Why doesn't it go up over the knee? Why doesn't it have buttons, or laces, or zippers? Why aren't there socks for cats and horses?

Consider the world without socks. Bitter. Freezing. No Red Sox. One less thing to tie in the wash. One less way to make hand puppets. No sock drawers. No sock hops. No jockey ball-club at Sal Mecca's feet as Rebel Without a Cause. No excuse for Jack Nicholson to give Meryl Streep in *Rounders*.

Also no E. G. Smith.

At the New York convention of the National Association of Men's Sportswear Buyers, a modest, weary crowd begins to gather at the E. G. Smith booth. The staff in a rainbow-colored tie-dye ensemble, a ring on every finger, a microphone in hand, Eric Smith glides over the color-strepped carpet. He picks up a foot from swathed in a purple sock and rings, in a voice not even a lightly like

Martin Garrix's

Wig, I heard it through the sock man,

And now it's on my color line.

You'll I heard it through the sock man,

And I expect it should be my next.

His staff are silent, boys, 1975. His audience begins to snore. It may be tedious and tedious at the convention, but this is clearly a high point in his day.

At twenty-nine, Eric Smith is the unexpectedly thoughtful founder, designer, president, and chief promoter of E. G. Smith Color Socks, an innovative thirty-year-old firm that has licensed socks to the white and raised their tape level of fashion statement. A pioneer of the "look sock"—the slouchy cotton version that is meant to fall down—Smith has opened a new era for retail sock sales.





"The designer must be sensitive to modern feeling even before it is old."

Christian Dior

Black and White: Christian Dior Collection, 1954
Color: Christian Dior Men's Clothing, 1987

Christian Dior

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See Rado's services Card with page 104

CUTTING LOOSE

HOW TO LOOK LIKE A PAGE OUT OF ESQUIRE

Step 1: Assume the timeless style and roguish charm of Tom Hanks



PHOTOGRAPH BY JAMES

This is what Tom Hanks thinks he looks like: "I've got kind of a 'house' body, slight, and fit thighs. I've got a goofy-looking nose—ears that hang down, eyes that look like I'm part Chinese—nice shiny color. I've got really small hands and feet, long limbs, narrow shoulders, and yet I've got to keep watching. My hair makes me look like a Talmudic scholar."

Not exactly star material. Not exactly the rapturous appeal of a Redford, a Newman, or even a Cruise. Yet despite that, Tom Hanks has arrived. These things are clearly easy measures: His million-acre estate of a million dollars is a picture. Since his first debut in Splash, he has become greater demand than all but a handful of rising actors in Hollywood, and he has made more movies than any of them—eight in the last four years. Doughty face and lanky body aside, in every one he gets the girl.

It's not easy to describe why Hanks has caught on. Appearances make him comically usually defined by analogy, if at all: Who is this guy up there like? Is Hanks's nose, there is one, name the once-upon-a-moment that any other: The nose is Cary Grant.

It is two days after Grant's death, and Tom Hanks is sitting in a crowded Mexican restaurant in L.A., chatting lightly about his face and talking about "the immortal." "Some of what you do has been accused by what Cary Grant, Jimmy Stewart, and Henry Fonda did," he says. "They were on the cutting edge, inventing screen acting along with the creation of the thing itself. Every time one of them goes, an actor over."

Hanks squirms a little. He is not comfortable talking about the subject and cuts himself off constantly with jokes, self-conscious

SEE THE LISTING COLLECTION



SCHEME AWHILE . . .

Heavy-contrast, cream, hand-dyed, knit-cotton vest (\$130), by Joseph Abboud. Rayon camp shirt (\$47.50), by British Khaki. Rayon camp shirt (\$47.50), by British Khaki. Linen trousers (\$95), by Robert Taft. Linen trousers (\$95), by Robert Taft. Spectator shoes (\$210), by Cole-Haan. Cotton-blend socks (\$21), by Fogel. Belt (\$35), by Coach. Hat by Shermans. Woman's bathing suit by Clotus.

YOU'RE SURE TO FIND . . .

Single-breasted, linen sport jacket (\$490) with olive linen-and-cotton trousers (\$225) and silk tie (\$60), by Botolph. Silk shirt (\$150), by Mori Daikoku. Felt fingerless gloves (\$40) and pocket square (\$15), by Trufolgo. suede wing tips (\$255), by Susan Bates. Women's Evening. Sunglasses by Private Eyes. Women's clothing by Ralph Lauren.





HAPPINESS, AND I GUESS . . .

Jungle-print rayon shirt (\$450) and green linen trousers (\$265), by Matsuda. Vintage watch by American Vintage. Women's bathing suit by Gaultier.

ALL THOSE THINGS YOU'VE ALWAYS PINED FOR

Goldfinch-yellow silk sport jacket (\$455), cream silk shirt (\$215), and cream silk trousers (\$245), by Perry Ellis. Fourteen-karat gold-tone watch on a black lizard band (\$1,490), by Concord. Polka-dot silk pocket square (\$16), by Perry Ellis. White leather trucks (\$65), by Walkover. Women's clothing by Calvin Klein.



Some Stores Have All the Fun

Shopping for clothes is often inspired by necessity and carried out by rote. You know where to find what you need. You go out to get it. But, as you'll see on these pages, a store can offer much more. At its best, it offers

surprises—sometimes of mood, sometimes of merchandise. You may find a great vintage tie in one store, a western belt buckle in another. In all, you'll find that with a unique shopping route, you'll get a unique look.

RINGOLEVIO

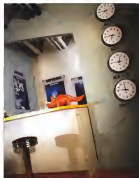
The Joy of the Setting

RINGOLEVIO is a game of hide-and-seek, and the spirit of this Chicago store is playful, laid out in a series of colorful, changing "zones," the main shop was designed as an intentional contrast to the hushed tones and mahogany backdrops of the tradition of quality clothing store. But the clothes—for men and women—are quality items and include such designer labels as Hugo Boss, Jeff Leane, and Bill Robinson, as well as a private label for sportswear and casual dress. The store also sells gift items like electronic gadgets and stationery, and a new branch will offer a travel agency and a restaurant. It's all part of owner Jerry Kamhi and Leney Rothchild's belief that shopping should be its own form of entertainment, and that merchandise itself need never be the only lure.



THE LAYOUT of the store allowed for a variety of colorful "zones," each devoted to either a mood or season, and each changeable with moving walls and display elements. In 1986, Ringolevio was a design award from the American Institute of Architects

PHOTOGRAPH BY TERRY O'NEILL



THE NEW store will feature its own travel agency, one way to stress the international flavor of the merchandise and clients.



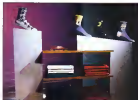
THE SOPHISTICATION of Ringolevio's international designers is offset by the store's relaxed and playful setting.



THE MIX of European and American clothes appears throughout the store's displays.



THE LABEL appears on Ringolevio's own sportswear and is intended to create a clublike feeling.



THE COLORS of the merchandise and the interiors are an intentional departure from the traditional men's store.

BERGDORF'S

The Luxury of the Choice

BERGDORF GOODMAN, from the outside, may seem like any New York department store, but inside is a men's department that is truly like no other. Part of the difference is the wealth of choice: from wilyward coats to neckties and socks; from the very modern Jean Paul Gaultier to the very traditional Haden. But the quality of the merchandise is only half the story. The rest is the way it's displayed. Designers are given their own small shops—metal levers set in, but private spaces with furniture, carpets, even doors. The result is a boulevard of boutiques without the traffic.



THE TRADITIONAL British look is offered by the Haden shop at Bergdorf Goodman, which sells high-quality, updated versions of old-fashioned men's clothing.



THE FURNISHINGS—shirts and ties, colored and belted—are offered at Charvet, modeled after the Paris store.



THE ITALIAN stylings of Valentin— the contemporary look that sells some where it was the very modern and the very traditional—are representative of the full range of Bergdorf's styles.



THE MODERN designs of Guy Miyake are shown off in a highly modern environment, complete with fashion video.



THE MAIN floor (left) and the window (right) suggest the quality of Bergdorf Goodman's merchandise, but not the diversity within.

THRIFT SHOP

The Thrill of the Hunt

THRIFT INC. was started in 1942 when some women from Palm Beach, Florida, set out to raise money for a servicemen's beach club. Unlike most thrift shops, Thrift Inc. offers only the highest quality merchandise—men's, women's, and children's clothes with familiar labels like Cordin, Blois, and Adolfo. It also carries jewelry, purses, glassware, books—and even art. But like all thrift shops, it offers the pleasure of not knowing what you'll find.



THE ONE-OF-A-KIND accessory is always stylish.



THE SEARCH for inexpensive but unusual vintage clothing usually starts with a perusal of the more formal Thrift shop items: coats, hats, and other knickknacks.



THE BOOKS, as well as artwork, donated by residents and store owners in the Palm Beach area, are generally a step up from the usual Thrift-shop fare.

100 THE HOME COLLECTION



THE VINTAGE fash at Thrift Inc. are one way to transform a traditional suit.



CHINEA

per

Fuuzee Shani



(Auswählen des entsprechenden Index)

All order stores

10

1-800-645-4810.
See page F40

A white all-cotton French-cuff

High, and the stiff back extends into neck. Buttons on barrel with undivided back. Front legs very, with stiff knees.

What is a computer still like these with two ultra-pumped laptops, class generally give a more limited look than the one called "young backpack models." In the 1990s, students display of new and unique models, the emphasis is on the information. The Edwards got a case right now that traditional school will like with financial design. Paul Smith's representative across the government space in these designs.

For most of the twenty years Tim White has worked full-time, a simple single cuff (not a French cuff) that hooked onto a belt rather than a button and his belt (not a suspenders) kept his pants from sagging and his jacket from falling off. The look was hip, popular in the nineteenth century, and the Metropolitan Museum of Art has drawn it.

Every good plant has a chance on the three phylas called a quadriflorus. It is always located by quality, among others, is considered superior to those who find.

Perhaps the most common link-calls in America are those made by *Lycopodium* and *Samolus* when they conflict.

Greches, who brought back the latest news, tells them one will arrive, alone, tonight and named only with two letters as an informal group in the unit. For dressing up, he did perfect a French café on a jacket shirt with a subtle pattern and an almost invisible waist stripe. As for cufflinks, he took the Marz-Baumard company as long as the links are small enough to be preferable to cork tips.

Questions
desired that information is still
link across sources. Richard
Morley, Florida Division by the
book is now a volume by George
Foster, "General management
without redundancy." Wilkins
begins his extensive collection
with a pair of gold-chenopod-
links that have no other
connections. Wilkins is
also a



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See Reader Service Card after page F16 In Retailer's Magazine, see Dealer Directory after page F16



REFLECTIONS

The Tie That Binds

By Guy Martin

I have a tie that belonged to my grandfather. It's an epic piece of neck equipment—dark, dark-blue silk with white paisley and outside white pinstripes. Three and one-quarter inches at its broad bottom, cut to hang like a P. Long-style high up on the stomach. This tie is available and ready to break the law. This tie travels in one hundred different directions and has no idea what it is except lost. It knows exactly who its wearer is, however, and just shouts to the world, "Grandpa came! Don't discipline! Hug-a-bear! Party on!"

There is mystery here, because my grandfather was a rock-solid town elder, a banker, and an insurance man, not the sort of fellow who got drunk and drove up to Nashville with posied women. This tie gradually demands a cool converser, by the way, but that's a completely different problem.

I'm not sure my grandfather ever wore the tie. I now believe it was a gift and it irritated him, but he kept the thing because he couldn't help liking it. He was a man who was entertained by insignificant things—gamefights, the University of Tennessee football team, bourbon, making horses, corrupt performances by southern politicians. And by this tie, which is a very insignificant thing.

I don't really know why, but after letting the object cool down for some time in my closet, I decided to wear it. Letting me think that it had cooled down was the first of many tricks the tie played on me. I have a baggy but normal gray linen suit, and, wearing that, I put the tie around my neck only once in a party. My dinner card was filed, if you get my drift. What was that? Then I began to understand that I wasn't really wearing the tie. It was using me to attend parties.

I used it to investigate parties, not with the idea of exploring it. I never to you, but more as an anthropological experiment. I was fascinated that the tie could irritate and please its audience at the same time. People wanted to know how and when I lost it. When I lost it? Then I knew the tie had its own life. Wearing it publicly was almost embarrassing, it was strong and very uncooperative, something like a jaguar, or a wolf.

I'm happy to report that I've now cleared my way to party without article of clothing. The tie taught me why my grandfather hung onto it—namely, to pass folk ideas of him, and so I wear it when I need something to goose the evening's gooseflesh.

More important, the whole experience has introduced me to the valuable effects of



fabulous artifacts, that stark pool of not-land-shiness just beyond what people expect of you but right before they start looking you like a idiot. Just two things still concern me. I

have the sense that I'm just one it's a language of this necktie's language. And lately I've been around with an uncontrollable desire for a cool converser.



Fresh from California

Nine new ideas from tomorrowland that are ready for you—if you're ready for them

Jeff Hamilton's bold silhouettes and racy-inspired materials provide a ready alternative for easy weekend dressing. Hamilton's use of leather and latex on jackets and fuzzy trousers is the trademark by which his casual shapes hold their light-hearted attitude.



In its fifth season, Dylan by George Michael presents a hearty collection of contemporary collectibles, styled with an eye for new offerings of the new collection are designed to work with Michael's plans to kill and then from past seasons.



For twelve seasons now, J. Crew has been experimenting with new shapes, fabrics, and textures to create a line of slick contemporary sportswear that continues to be surprising.



Paul Jones's clothing shows a few years ago by designing shirts for men who "don't want" but for the sake of it. For "82 Jones goes closer to tradition by drawing from men's wear shapes, and the show his line for men's wear shows a subtle punch.



In the previous collection from Huggo, a faded color palette and relaxed construction set the tone. The new silhouettes of the current line's collection is indicative of Huggo's commitment to comfort, style, and casual sportswear.



From Don J. Jones's line of forward-looking shirts, Wilkes-Barre, comes the debut of the Wilkes-Barre collection, which draws from the sportswear of men's wear.



Clay Tinsell's sportswear is designed in Belgium, Ontario, and his collection is made for the men who want to be in the future and the past.

[illegible]

figure, water which is almost a neutral solution, consisting of 10 to 20 percent dry lake solids (salts) and 80 to 90 percent water. The water is not "hard" as it is not loaded with dissolved salts and does not affect the skin. It is a little salty, basically what is water found in the desert. It is not as thick as you might think. In the background you will see a very light gray, very fine dust, and in front of us you have a mixture with a little color and lots of them. There, if you go on, there is a different color.



BILL
ROBIN
SON

Seals Fifth Avenue

Neiman Marcus

AUSTIN REED BRITISH STYLE

British by property, American in proportion, Austin Reed suits and sportcoats are meticulously made for the man who asks that his clothing be tailored to standards existing on his own.



AUSTIN REED.
of Regent Street

DOCUMENTARY

Managua Is Waiting

By Peter Davis

Portrait of a city afraid of tomorrow

Managua could have been destroyed by Gertrude Stein. With no center and a decimated past, the city does not seem to be there at all. It can be found in desultory forms. Block after block of swastika and brick piles are followed by three movie theaters, two vacant lots, a marketplace cluttered with people buying and selling. More vacant lots and rubble-strewn blocks are succeeded by a contemporary shopping center with retail offices, real estate firms, a government bureau, jewelry stores. Then a hill with nothing on it, an army base, a few blocks of one-story middle-class houses, a gaming arena, and a working-class barrio packed together from heavenward, too. Rubbled beer cans, an occasional proud plywood door.

"No one remembers the city government, either," a man said to me as I laced up at a movie manager's one-bladed afternoon in Managua. "To date what the Yagui government does to us, you don't know how bad we look around and see contradictions like this."

He was taller than most Nicaraguans, towering a little as though he could not bear the height, standing at five to get in the theater where it would be, if not cold, at least dark. The eyes said he had been drinking for decades, the rich Nicaraguan ears, since early evening. He wore a scuffed white shirt with a black armband, and he was alone. Earlier in the week, his son, a health worker in conformity, Zelaya, whose counter-revolutionary "activity" was reported every day in the newspapers, had been killed while he gave

vacations in a farm village. "They came in a truck, he was there, they go in the tent where my son and the nurse, they shoot my son and take the nurse. After they rape her, they cut off her breasts, dump her back in the village still alive. My son was lucky." He disappeared, taking refuge in the theater, where the children of John Wayne and Tyrone Power were staring in San Sebastián's *Sandwich* and the *Boy of the Tiger*.

Since the Somoceros never rebuilt the city after the 1972 earthquake, replacing all more than \$100 million in international relief aid, and since the Sandinistas have been unable to afford much reconstruction, many parts of Managua give the impression of having been a victim of the neutron bomb dropped on them. Buildings themselves are destroyed, but not people or vegetation. It is hard, on many streets, to find two adjacent commercial establishments still standing. Three blocks from the Plaza Intercontinental a well-arranged and a modest-looking house stands out not because of any professional emergency relief because of its structural rarity.

When and if the expected American invasion takes place, the Marxist command and the chief of the U.S. Southern Command will find difficulties in taking and holding positions in such a city. If the Marines were confused by Beirut, they will likely become confused in Managua. In a city where nothing seems to have happened, what plans and which wide avenues would lead them there?

Peter Davis lived briefly in Nicaragua. This account, and his book *Managua: A Portrait of a City*, are published by Simon & Schuster in April. He is a contributing editor of *Esquire*.

to meaningful roadblocks and barbed wire barricades? Whose bearings are unobtainable, how do you set up checkpoints? The Nicaraguans have dog trenches and throw up sandbags all over town, but it is not clear what these defenses would best serve. Trenches and sandbags might help local militia at the outset, but they would at least give an invading force a sense of what to aim for, what to capture, where which these vital obstacles would become a means of controlling occupied neighborhoods. In the prevailing absence of street signs and distance markers, people give directions in Managua by describing how many blocks a particular spot is from where the governing plant used to be before the earthquake destroyed it, or they will say a man's house is three and a half blocks in the direction of La Caba Managua from where the little tree used to be before the truck knocked it down. When he comes up from his Somocho HQ in Posadero, where will the commanding general tell his platoons from New Jersey and Oklahoma and Seattle to land in order to secure definitive positions against the Nicaraguans? Except for the trenches and sandbags, there simply is not much to go for, and since you've squandered into the trenches, you're a sitting target for every bullet and with a popgun or Colt bottle filled with hormones.

Armed police, militia, and members of the regular army are posted in various spots around town, some obviously strategic, others apparently random. A block from the hotel on my first morning in Nicaragua, I was lured by a soldier with a rifle. The rifle was

strapped loosely around his shoulder and he was smiling, but unconcerned to being stopped by people with guns. I put my hands up. He looked at the rifle barrel playfully as he asked for identification, idly sticking a finger down the muzzle. For a reason I did not then comprehend but shortly would, I told myself to tell him to be careful, that thing was not a toy. But I shut up and produced a passport and press card. The soldier fringed his rifle a little more and called over his superior, who was standing a few yards away. The senior authority looked at the identification, grinned, and told me to wait.

The crisis belatedly, I decided to ask them how old they were. When they answered, I understood why I had wanted to warn the first soldier about the lethal properties of his weapon. The one who stopped me was thirteen, the one in charge seventeen. Though they were packing automatic rifles and all I had was a scratchy ball-point, I wanted to comfort them, lead them out, send them to school. The seventeen-year-old had an AK-47—the standard Russian assault rifle used by the Nicaraguan army—known to everyone as an *Alula*, the thirteen-year-old carried a smaller Russian semiautomatic, Francisco, the younger soldier, was eager to be fixed and seemed ready to risk for a candy bar, but glancing at both his uniform and his superior he remained hunched. He said he had worn the uniform and carried the rifle a little less than a year. Junior, the older boy, had been practicing with his *Alula* for two years and hoped someday to become a carpenter. "When President Reagan lets us study and work," he said, "instead of defending our homes."

"We know the American people want peace," Francisco said, "if only your leaders would permit this." It was as though they believed the United States government is no expression of its country's national will but something imposed from above at caprice, as governments in Nicaragua traditionally had been. In talks with dozens of Nicaraguans, I met only one, a special-forces soldier in the north, who believed American citizens were responsible for the government. Everyone else put foreign Americans on a pedestal above the government. Everyone else blamed the administration, often it could be Reagan himself, for policies that have placed in many in seven thousand American military personnel in Honduras, heroic armies of counterrevolutionaries on Nicaragua's Honduran and Costa Rican borders, American warnings of an Atlantic and Pacific center—and for an economic strategy that cut off Nicaragua's credits from the United States and denied it the opportunity to borrow from the International Monetary Fund and regional banks. Everyone else, beginning with those two teenagers, Francisco and Junior, condemned the American people, with whom they said they related only too friendly, for not acting consistently and more by our leadership.



DOWNTOWN, A SQUATTER MAKES HER HOME IN THE CRUMBLING HUSK OF AN OFFICE BUILDING.

Reunion

By Jay McInerney

The early morning silence of the graveyard is broken by the approach of a car. I duck behind a stone as the sound of the engine takes toward the gate and falls away among the streets of the town. Sitting on a fat marble slab, Terry contemplates pieces of masking tape, which she attaches to the back of her hand. The cemetery grass is brown and worn, as if it had been grazed by sheep. The last strands of morning haze cling to the old stones, which sit at oblique angles.

I stand up again, but remain motionless, feeling conspicuous among the quiet headstones. Terry seems right at home, though she was the one who told me this is stupid. The old cemetery is surrounded by the town, although it is wooded and occupies a rise, I feel exposed. A sea gull cruises overhead with its regressive squawk. My eyes are dry and sting from waking too early.

"Stretch them a little so you can access the title of the stone," Terry says, holding out a big sheet of newspaper from the tablet we picked up at a hobby store last night. I kneel behind the stone. Terry directs me to raise and lower the paper until finally it just where she wants it, and she secures it with masking tape. I watch as she rubs the crayon across the paper. Crayons, drawing tablets, masking tape. I find it strange that we have come to

visit the dead with children's art supplies. "Not too hard," she says. White, archaic letters rise to the surface of the paper. The letters gradually become words, names, addresses and then more on. I think of it as ghost writing. The inscription states the facts: name, age, and parents. The stone is simple, the four tablets bearing images of a grinning skeleton on one side and Father Time on the other. As I watch, a dog appears under Terry's crayon, then also. "That guy was very rich," she says. "The stonework is amazing. Look at these details—you can even see the middle bones on Father Time." Terry nods toward the tablet of newspaper.

"Good stuff," she says. I grab the newspaper and turn looking for a statue to rub. In the corner near the savings bank I find one dated 2005, with the name Nathaniel Mather. A winged cherub presides over the inscription. An ANGEL FATHER who WAS KIND, RICH AND WISE. WRITTEN IN THE TRUE MANNER. I sit down on the grass and touch the stone. What does it mean? I never read about a cherub that accompanies the aging process as rapidly into sections that they die of old age in their teens. Or is just a metaphor? A young man worn down by troubles.

"Michael, come here," Terry calls. I get to my feet and look around. "Where are you?" I ask in a loud whisper. "Over here." She raises her hand and



TELL ME WHAT YOU THINK ABOUT THIS

Jay McInerney's *Bright Lights, Big City*, with its depiction of cocaine-fueled youth and subway life, once spawned, but became something of a contemporary classic. *Bright Lights* is his first published fiction since his second novel, *Lionel Lincoln*, appeared in 1982.



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I want liberty. A writer in liberty is a writer without anything to do, and no readers of what he is next going to do. Of course I am not today in liberty. I have this column. For one week every month I sit in front of my typewriter pounding it out, trying not to think of the three weeks after I finish when I will be at liberty and the next dead-endless around. I have a file that says columns. I want to do columns about baseball books, but it is 20 degrees outside and my heart is really not into Keith Hernandez and his ghost. I want to do a column about Fred Scott and The Riverkeeper, but every time I think about it my editor here yells please over and the magazine is waiting like, "Wouldn't you rather do the literary scene in Redlands?"

I think a writer never works harder, more desperate for ideas, when at liberty. There is a constant, onerous, trailing formational *Redlands* *Chorus*. Given Greene called the notebook he published recasting two years in Africa, one in 1941, David Perle 1988, the character is fully dead was Querry in *A Jewish-Gut Case*. When I am at liberty, I stop keeping notebooks, which I never do when I am in the middle of a project. The notebooks a writer keeps while at liberty are painful at times and not been meant. On a shelf at my desk, there are a dozen three-ring binders, each holding more than three hundred typed single-spaced pages of the notes I have made and transcribed between books. Twice I have started a diary, and each time I have abandoned it within a week. Keeping a diary the way Hemingway or John Colville did, with a seemingly effortless competence of great events and really bad, simply takes too much time. No one did it in account of the social rumble at that moment. To write down "Cocktail party for Hans Meier—

On Writing

Sweet Liberty

by John Gregory Dunne



independents to my own work. My prevailing disposition tends toward the metaphorically gloomy. "The S.S. American Dream slipped out of San Pedro harbor last night, with a cargo of death heads." And promptly my spread before I could arrive at a second sentence.

I look through my fingers and feel endless lots of fresh names. The people in a novel are people the writer is going to live with for two years or more. He is going to sleep with them, love them, hate them, be true and perhaps even murder them, and he must be comfortable with the names he gives them. Hemingway, Flaubert, Melville, McKenna, Wendell, Gifford, Bones Brady, Douglas Doyle, Percy Deane. None ever mad, but I can tell by the attention and

David Keir brought Joseph Brodsky and Derek Walcott—Edna O'Brien and Harriet Ford, etc." In conversation for a decade or two, a conversation. If you don't do it, just read the critical bestseller Stephen Spender reviewed last year when he published his diary, which to his disbelief seemed only a chronicle of a lifetime spent kidnapping, diving out, and the message of the man who wrote, "I think continually of those who were truly great."

The point of a notebook is to jump-start the mind. I am always jotting down last lines. "Billy Richard was getting lost that night, which is how I happened to get the case." That is from a novel I might like to read but know I will never write, as if I could write one of those dry-eyed, dry-eyed lines. "I came up out of Central America, traveling light." That one comes from a paperback or novel I once read on an airplane. The title and the author slide on, but the words are the last of the paragraph—Cyrus as a mere—that I sometimes wish were more

as the characters the kind of character David had, a minor character, an essential commissioner in the Department of Statistics or the treasurer at the annual conference held at the Kings of Columbus in St. Paul's parish hall. I find a short description. "First the name. An Irish name, of course. Not Sullivan or McNamee. Something more exotic. Or less common. Something like O'Donnell, O'Malley and O'Neill. McGuire and McDermott. Dunning good, but not the question for my own work. Blackbird, but not, but not blackbird. Fair, Flood, and Clay. The name. Something more exotic but not exotic. Monkey. Too heavy on the neck. Roderick. Getting worse. "I finally used Roderick, but I had a lot of deliberation at the entry. What I actually wanted was an opening in the manner of Tolstoy's *The War and Peace* was the novel I had read, and I had read it in my head."

The critical mangle, with neither rhyme. JOHN GREGORY DUNNE has been writing his columns monthly for *Esquire*.



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OPENINGS
TOM WAITS



**Photograph by
Matthew Rolston**

For almost twenty years Tom Waits has lurked in the gutters of the pop-music fringe. His songs—part Tin Pan Alley, part beat poetry—have the quality of tattered postcards from relatives who've gone off the deep end. This spring, Island Records will release his twelfth album, *Frank's Wild*

Years, a collection of songs from a "play with music" he co-wrote and starred in last summer with Chicago's Steppenwolf Theatre Company. Plans to restage the play are on hold; there's talk of a movie; but for now, savor this record—Tom Waits's hoarse rasp is American music's most distinctive voice.

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